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THE MIRROR

SAINT LOUIS



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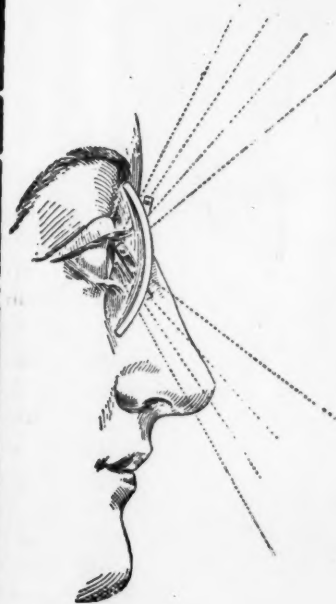
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The Mirror

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WILLIAM MARION REEDY, Editor and Proprietor

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Mr. Ben Greet's Players

By William Marion Reedy

A RARELY-SAVORED treat has been the Ben Greet Shakespearean revival at the Odeon—a treat enjoyed exclusively by people without even the faintest pretense of fashion. There were no theater parties in gorgeous raiment, no carriages and autos lined up before the entrance, no need for a caller. The intelligence, the taste, the culture of this town is not, most decidedly not, fashionable. Fashion's favorite drama is "Der Rotchers Brudders." But the audiences greeting Mr. Greet's players were fairly large and devotedly intent upon the work upon the stage, and their enjoyment was none the less acute because of its being comparatively undemonstrative.

Mr. Greet's company and its presentations certainly bring one nearer Shakespeare. The absence of scenery and effects mechanical concentrate attention upon the lines, and this brings forth their beauties. It's like reading Shakespeare in the study. The mind catches all the subtleties, the flavor, the aroma of the poetry. One likes even more the robust school of action and elocution. It has the elemental freshness and vigor that one looks for in the bard. It is not adulterated, thinned out with a finicky finish. It is poetry—this Greet Shakespeare, not, as in so many productions, mere dialogue or recitative over-precisely and tortuously modernized and "nancy-fied." The reading of the Greet players is, to my thinking, a reading just such as the Elizabethans would have enjoyed, resonant, colorful, emphatic—with a delightful consciousness that what they say is not ordinary speech, but a language as of demigods. It has an air about it—a certain quality of the strange and curious and romantic. One positively adores the simplicity which, oddly enough, goes with all this. The clear and clean primitiveness which, for its very elementism, seems the same as subtlety is heartening. The enthusiasm, the little trickeries or miracles of manipulation in speech, subtleties utterly incompatible with any conception of the plays, as a whole, being done in anything approaching colloquialism, and then the interjection of the rather coarse and not always obvious wit in contrast with those very fairy-flowers of fancy which Shakespeare sowed so lavishly—these are features which Mr. Greet's players bring out in pleasing prominence to whet the keenness of one's enjoyment.

Yet not all the enjoyment is on this plane of the intellectual. These plays do reach the heart. They are taken closer by the beholder. Their very ritual quality, their grave theatricalism give a sense as of stately ceremonial. Shakespeare's beauties we all know are often set in tawdry stuff, but Shakespeare did not think so, and therefore Mr. Greet and his players give us the tawdriness and raggedness as with a feeling that it is all of the higher essence of the art. Therefore we get the full, the spacious effect of the Elizabethan "spacious days," when things were done with a manner that was not quite a mannerism. Therefore we see Shakespeare and hear him reveling in his own thaumaturgy with words and not, as we too often conceive him, wholly consciously concerned in psychologically developing character like a modern problem analyst.

We see and hear these plays as play, not as work. We feel, too, that we are part of the play, not mere spectators. Our imagination is at work clothing the bare stage with splendors evoked by the lines, and our illusion is more complete, more delectable than it ever could be under the impress of all ingenuity and historical accuracy, and material decoration with which contemporary stage carpentry, electric effects, copious paint and gilt and mock massivity in *papier mache*, contrive pictures in which move only automata mouthing Shakespeare in speech void of all the bard's consciousness of splendor.

I have never seen a *Viola* with such poetical subtlety blent with such girlish naivete as Mrs. Crawley's, nor have I in memory a *Portia* quite so fine as Miss Scott's. These are not judged by the canons of modern criticism. They are as Shakespeare intended them—extravagances. They are not wonderful for their simulation of masculinity, but for the humor of the idea they embody of most womanly women showing their utter womanishness in their assumption of male garb. So in "Twelfth Night" we had a most excellent fool, a *Sir Toby* exactly to the effect exaggerated, a *Sir Andrew Aguechee*, drawn in fine lines of imbecile gayety and poltroonery—feminized to the proper absurdity. Mr. Greet is remarkably like an echo of Mansfield in a certain, weird catch of the voice and lisp of the tongue, and he has, too, that touch of the *exquisite*, the flavor of preciousness which one notes in Mansfield. Mr. Greet's *Malvolio* was rich in the grandiose comic, and his *Shylock* was impressive the more so that he was more Cockney than, to use a vile word, yet expressive of just what I mean, "Sheeney." One likes Mr. Greet's high, quaint key. One thanks him for his concern to get out the meaning of the lines and not forget them utterly in gesture and action. I thought his *Shylock* faulted in that it was marked more by pathos than by the passion of vengeance for wrongs, personal and tribal. The Greet company's "Hamlet" was too much Parsifalic in form, yet it was illuminative of the incomprehensible mixture of sanity and madness, purpose and mere dilettanteish dalliance with emotions large and small. But, in all, the Greet productions were marked with a sort of elegant, stately simplicity, such a reverent attitude towards the thought of the plays, such a surrender of any aloofness on the actors' parts to the matter in hand, such an endeavor to make the drama live in the minds and hearts of the beholders, such a gathering in of the auditors to a participation, such an enfoldment of the intelligence and sympathy this side of the stage in the atmosphere of the stage itself that it gave the auditor or spectator a livelier sense of the actuality of the passions presented than he ever could or can gain through the aid of all the material resources of modern realism.

Beautifully illusive, too, the thin, plaintive, far music of the old times given by the Dolmetch trio. The ache in the Shakespeare songs is resistless.

As for "Everyman," the mediæval play-sermon, whoever has seen it will never forget the wonderful grace, plasticity, refined power and exquisitely appeal-

THE MIRROR

ing sympathy of Mrs. Crawley in this earlier "Pilgrim's Progress." Mrs. Crawley is artistic without evidence of any repression by convention. She has a freedom in her method, a freedom that well consists with rare reserve and tempered restraint that enforces the role's tense suggestiveness. Her *Everyman* is at once personal to her, and yet impersonal, almost abstract. You know that *Everyman* is you and every man. The part is uncannily detached, yet, somehow, intimate. Mrs. Crawley's personal charm, with its hint of sadness, stillness, depth; her wonderfully simple range of voice and gesture, her delicacy of manner, and a seeming frailty which masks a vivid, nervous force, the note of pathos which she sounds, even in her mumming as brother to *Sebastian* in *Twelfth Night*, is as pronounced as it must remain indescribable, even after most careful enumeration of some of its aspects. She gives, as a totality of impression, more of a sense of beauty and pity than of aught else. Mrs. Crawley is a woman of whom all who have seen her in the old morality play will not fail to think with tenderness what time soever there may steal into their minds, in circumstances however trivial or merry, or tragic, a thought of death.

Mr. Greet's players and their plays are destined, too, for long remembrance. Their impression, I should say, is one that shall manifest itself often in a sense of expanding freshness of spirit and heart with recurrent memory of this acquaintance with the "free, large utterance" of the world's greatest poet's creatures even as he himself conceived them and projected them into actuality upon the stage, when he was a man and a manager and more than the name on the back of a book, and that, as some madmen aver, by a presumptuous, impudent putation ravishing of his one supreme, yet unappreciated laurel, "the wisest, greatest, meanest of mankind." To have shown us Shakespeare's creatures not only as his fancy lined them in his words, but as Shakespeare himself saw those dream beings realized by the actors who benefited by his advice and suggestion—this is something for which we must ever be grateful to Mr. Ben Greet and his players. His work is the truest of "art for art's sake." It is a return to the pure springs of dramatic expression, whose sweet waters, let us hope, will make us long forget the draughts we may have drawn this far down the ways of time, from the stream befouled by wallowings of the swine of gross art and grosser sensuality.

garb of Mr. Jim Drummond, the glow of the ruddiest season of year faintly foreshadowed in the tint of those locks which may not quite be said to be red, but which, nevertheless, are of a hue as of the strawberry ere its last greenery merges into the blush which shall yet be as a heart-shaped clump of ruddy, tangy sweetness. Jim's to be King of the May, boys; Jim's to be King of the May!

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A Horse on Kincaley.

ALAS for the wise. Last Friday the papers told the tale of State Senator Kinealy being swindled in a horse deal. He gave \$60 to a man named Rheinhold Schwartz for a horse that would only run when it was desirable that he should stand still, and stand still when he was expected to show speed. And the Senator tried to get a warrant against the perfidious Teuton who had imposed upon his Celtic innocence. This is that Senator Kinealy who all during the session of the Legislature was the champion of the horse. He was a bulwark against all effort to stop race track gambling, because it improved the breed of the horse. He loved the horse; he knew the horse. He could tell his confreres of Bucephalus, and Pegasus, and Rosinante, and Haround al Raschid's charger, and the horse that "carried the good news from Ghent to Aix," and the horse in which the Greeks sneaked into Troy, and all the horses in history, in fable, in romance and in song. He hymned the horse on all occasions and the Racing Syndicate was much surprised to learn that their champion could bring to bear in their behalf so much of learning and culture and fine feeling as Senator Kinealy displayed. Whinny arose to speak in the chamber every horse passing at the foot of the capitol hill lifted up his ears and to the Senator's query if they—the reformers—would destroy the horse, each noble equine quadruped replied "Neigh, neigh!" Before his flights of eloquence all opponents fell *hors du combat*. Kinealy told us of the horse in epic, in ode, in epithalamium, in asclepiads, in sonnets, in lyrics, in folk-ballads. Of all statesmen before or since none ever had so much horse sense. He recited the "Arab's Farewell to His Steed" until the whole Senate chamber was sloppy with tears. He described the races in Levers' works, in "Under Two Flags," in "Ben Hur," in the words of J. G. Whyte Melville, in Shakespeare. There was nothing about the horse he couldn't tell 'em, to the exalted noble end that book-making upon contests of speed between equines should not be made *malum prohibitum* in Missouri. He failed to make his point, but that was due to the fact that one old pappy guy from the woods didn't vote right on the final ballot upon the issue. And now—behold the great champion of the horse "done" in the purchase of a \$60 crowbait, and by a man whose name suggests everything but the "wise gazebo"—Rheinhold Schwartz! To be the orator of the horse and then not to know a skate when he saw it! To have been the champion of the thoroughbred and then to be "bumped" in a deal for a "dog." Oh, it is pitiful. We have heard of the man "hoist by his own petard," but here is a horse-expert crushed in his own expertness, his great reputation lying prone with "a horse on it." Let us walk backward with averted gaze and in silent pity refrain from "nagging" him. His downfall is too pathetic for tears from us, yet we may well believe that when the steed sold him by the chicanery of Rheinhold Schwartz did, contrary to guarantee, run away, Senator Kinealy's tears "also ran." Who shall console the Senator? Not Cella-Adler-Tilles, euphemistically abbreviated into "the CAT." They are out of business. What a tragedy! But hath it not been written that "he who lives by the sword must perish by the sword," and may it not be that the statesman who lived by the horse was destined to perish by the

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Spring Summer and Jim Drummond.

SPRING is here. I saw it come in radiant beauty. It was first descried against last Friday morning's pearly skies just flushing into rose in Delmar avenue, tripping jocundly under the fresh and refreshing semi-canopy of shrill green leaves along that thoroughfare. A sprinkling cart gushed its liquid gurgle at Spring's feet which lightly sprang escaping athwart the parallel silver threads in the brown road, the car tracks. It was copiously husky, this Spring I saw. It looked as if it was a vessel, a human vessel of about 179 pounds displacement, Apollonian as to shoulders and torso; and even Atlasian and Herculean as to sturdy limbs. It was attired in a suit of that tone of gray which is characteristic of the ash on a very fine cigar or that mist which hangs over a pool in the evening ere twilight melts beneath the moon away. It was furthermore graced with grey stockings matching the clothing. I saw them as it leaped the tracks to escape the gush from the water cart. It moved in melodic, rhythmic, gracile ambulations along Vandeventer to Olive and there it boarded a car with a lithe and lissome agility as of a panther leaping from one limb of a tree to another. It entered the car and then I noted that it was indeed the personification, nay the incarnation of Spring. The vernal sign was upon it—the very, essential sign. It had on a straw hat—the first of the season, or, mayhap, if you stickle for exactitude, the last of last season. A little hat, perched atop of a large bump of—I believe it's philoprogenitiveness; a little hat with a narrow straight brim; a hat that seemed strangely to shrink from gaze even the while its wearer wore it so proudly. The first straw hat of the season—yes. The whole car full of people paid it the fond tribute of a look, until it seemed to draw itself together as if in modesty and perch higher upon the bump which it topped off so exquisitely. That whole car just loved that first straw hat. They loved it the more that it was, probably, a hang-over hat. Doubtless, too, the wearer loved it, even as Chief Kiely loves the "lid" of which he ever sings, "the hat me father wore." That hat was an historic

thing. It had survived a whole summer, a summer full of summer gardens, hacks, automobiles, country club affairs. It was a hat that had come scathless through one "good old summer time" rakishly ready for another, but coquettish withal. It was as the sign unto all that the ripe season of full luscious life was here. And he who wore it, the symphony in gray, was none other than Mr. Jim Drummond. Some one had to do it—wear the first straw hat. Only a man of foresight would have bethought him last September to save his straw skypiece with which to open the season this year, thus once more emphasizing the truth that the last shall be first. All this saw I on Friday morning, April 5th, 1905, at a very early hour in the morning—and I had not been out all night, either. It's wonderful what things one will see if one gets up early, but of all the sights which repay the labor of getting up before breakfast, there is nothing that surpasses the envious admixture of blithely serious and elastic or resiliently loitering locomotion in the progress of Mr. Jim Drummond in the first straw skypiece of the season towards to his daily toil. How few young men of fortune there are so devoted to toil as Mr. Jim Drummond! How few young men there are brave enough to wear a last year's straw dicer just because of some tender grace of a summer dead, still clinging to it. I call the attention of my fellow citizens to Mr. Jim Drummond. I warn them that they sin sorely in failure to recognize in him the potentialities of great leadership. I invite them to arise from slothful dreams that they may see him in the first straw chapeau of 1905. He is the greatest Drummond since Drummond of Hawthornden, who was not, by the way, the founder of a seat of almost similar name out upon the Clayton road. I move that the St. Louis, University, Country and Log Cabin clubs each have painted by the best artist in St. Louis Mr. Jim Drummond in the initial light suit and straw hat of Anno Domini, 1905. Spring has been late in arriving this year; indeed, it comes developed into summer, but it is all the rarer in its beauty for that it comes so symbolized as in the form and gladsome

horse with a sort of political eternal fitness akin to that teleological truth which we find in the demise of Anacreon, the singer of wine, through choking on a grapestone?

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Prizes for Pretty Buildings

AN intensely practical plan for beautifying the streets of a city is that adopted by the municipal council of Paris to encourage the ornamentation of the fronts of buildings. A committee appointed for the purpose has just completed its inspection of the buildings erected in that capital last year, and selected the six having the handsomest facades. The architect of each one of these will receive a medal and the owner will be exempted from certain taxation. This is an announcement which should have some interest for those St. Louisans who have been interested in the campaign for the city beautiful. Of course, the city is too poor to go into the matter of giving medals, but it seems that the Civic Improvement League might provide for medals for the architects designing and erecting the prettiest buildings in certain sections of the city, and if the League could not secure a remittance of the taxation upon the owner it could show him some honor, such as bestowing a diploma or making him a member of the League for life. If the subject were taken up seriously it might be the means of giving us some variety in architecture. The medal system would excellently supplement the League's plan of giving prizes to children for their work in arranging door-yard and back-yard gardens.

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The Discovery of Senator Kinney.

I OBSERVE, not without delight, that the esteemed St. Louis *Republic* has discovered Senator Thomas Elwood Kinney. Deficient would I be in recognition of dawning intelligence did I not publicly approve this evidence in my contemporary of growing acuteness of apperception of the spectacle of life. If the *Republic* should continue to develop along the lines indicated by its recent recognition of Senator Kinney, I would not be at all surprised if in the course of time, not necessarily within your life span, gentle reader, but in the evolution of periods as geologically counted, it way possibly come to the discovery of the Mississippi river and other great natural objects. To be sure, we must not hope too much from this symptom of awakening comprehension in the *Republic*. We may well believe that even the insects of the grass in Martinique knew there was something doing when Mount Pelee belched forth its blast of death, and that the rats in their holes felt things were happening during the awful moments of the Charleston earthquake. Even so the *Republic* could hardly escape awakening to the immense projection upon the moving panorama of life of the shadow of the personality of Senator Kinney. All other papers of St. Louis and many of elsewhere long since have celebrated Senator Kinney and his deeds for good government. He has had pages of letter press and pictures devoted to him. Poems have been written to him. The whole city has hung breathless upon his outstretched hand before it dropped the ballots of a whole ward deciding the fate of whole city tickets. The man who can introduce another man to Senator Kinney is himself no obscure person in the great throbbing swirl of life in this metropolis. He who can say to you "I'll meet you at Kinney's," is, for his time, as great as either of those mighty men who made a date one with another at Philippi away off in the dark backward and abysm of time ere the dawn of the Augustian Age. Great events and great men do not always attain their full recognition at once. There are people who do not know that Andrew Jackson is dead or that the war is

over. Even so the *Republic* did not know until last Sunday that Senator Kinney had come into political supremacy in this town. Even so the street convert thrashed a Jew on the street because he had only just then heard of the crucifixion. The *Republic* has been slow to catch on. If we have patience yet a little while that journal may eventually come to know as startling news what has long been so familiar to the world, that Senator Kinney is the leading Democratic politician in St. Louis, that he is the best and most effective State Senator this city has ever known, that at his libatorium at 211 North Ninth street, he dispenses with impartial hand the brew of both Busch and Lemp, that of an evening he holds forth in the side room there before a rapt assemblage of pupils upon the problems that concern not only the safety of the State, but even the salvation of the individual soul, even as old Plato discoursed in the Academe. I congratulate the *Republic* upon its percipency, even though late attained. I congratulate Senator Kinney, that his light hath penetrated with its supreme effulgence the dense darkness of the *Republic's* columns and that the reverberations of the expressions of his genius have set the wild echoes flying in the cavernous emptiness of the *Republic's* think tank.

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Music and the Lid

MR. OWEN MILLER points out in another part of this paper how the enforcement of the cerulean Sunday takes money out of the pockets of the musicians of this city. The children of harmony suffer with the bar-tenders, waiters, porters, cooks, ice wagon drivers and helpers, and none of these classes of workers is overpaid, even under the best conditions. The law that cuts their pay cuts into the business of the drygoodsman, the shoe dealer, everybody. The Sunday law means no increase of business for anyone but the policeman, and while he is watching the saloons burglars and sneaks and stick-up men will be working around the corners.

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Put Yourself in His Place

AND another thing—the closed saloons and resorts are a desperately inconvenient thing, because this city is not provided with anything like public comfort stations. Woe to the misfortunate persons down town on Sunday, who must respond to a call of nature. There is no place for them to go. For them there is nothing but to suffer. The saloon was always hospitably handy. The physicians can tell what may be some of the consequences of this state of affairs. A tight Sunday is not altogether to be approved as a sanitary measure. This paragraph may seem to voice a trivial complaint, but it is not trivial to the person who finds cause in actual experience to voice it in maledictions upon the reform. One almost wishes Gov. Folk could be so caught down town some Sunday far from the hotels. Maybe he would fail temporarily, at least, in his veneration for abstract law. "Put yourself in his place." That's all.

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Y. M. C. A. vs. Actors

RIGHT here upon us is the silly season. The Pittsburg Y. M. C. A. has decided that it doesn't want actors for members. They might corrupt the morals of other members by causing them to become smitten with the allurements of the stage. Well—who wants to be in an organization that doesn't want him? And who wants to mix with people who regard the allurements of the stage as immoral? No one cares to associate with people who condemn any profession as a whole for the errancy of some few individuals! And a Christian association that has no use

for sinners should repudiate Christ, for it was for sinners that Christ came. Actors are not sinners against others. Unfortunately, most actors are so rapt in contemplation of themselves that they haven't time for sinning. Only extremely silly persons regard actors as sinful. Only extremely silly actors get angry when the Y. M. C. A. excludes them. A man can be a mighty good man in the actor's profession and outside the Y. M. C. A. Whoso cannot be good except on the organization theory of having other men to keep him company in goodness, is not destined long to be good, even with the organization to brace him. The organization that shuts out a man in any honest profession for no other reason than his identification with that profession is not very strong in logic or in morals. A rule like that of the Y. M. C. A. of Pittsburg with regard to actors is unfortunate in that it tends to make synonymous goodness and "sissification." There is nothing essential in common between piety and silliness.

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Rudolph's Execution

ST. LOUIS is still rather a provincial town. The afternoon papers of Monday issued an "extra" on the execution of "Bill" Rudolph. And in that very "extra" one of the papers hypercritically queried, "What kind of a 'private execution' is one at which 200 people are present?" What of the many thousand made present at the execution by the details printed in the papers. Newspaper righteousness is, perhaps, the most hypocritical form of righteousness that we have "in our midst."

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And Now, Stork Parties

THE drowsy East is arousing itself. Listen to the tale from Elmira. In that storied town of York State live the J. Sloat Fassetts. Mr. Fassett once ran from the governorship of New York. They have a daughter, Mrs. Frederick Gray Hodgson, of Atlanta, Ga., who recently came home to visit them. The Fassetts gave a party for the daughter. They invited all her former chums to that party, and the chums all came. There was no inkling as to what it was all about until the guests had been ushered into the dining-room. The table was handsomely decorated, the most striking and the chief of the decorations being a huge stork. It stood in the center of the table, and the beak was gracefully pointed in the direction of Mrs. Hodgson's place. Admirable and delicate symbolism! The place cards were decorated with pictures of storks and other things which the story books tell of as accompanying the joy-giving birds on their pilgrimages about the country. The climax came when the loving cup was sent on its round. When the first to taste of its contents discovered that the cup held only milk, not a smile was shown. Each one took the hint as the cup journeyed along, so that every diner in touching it to her lips had the same surprise. Why was not the President there to participate in the joyous repudiation of his pet aversion, race-suicide? Such exquisite taste who shall appropriately celebrate? Note the happy idea of the stork pointing out the lady. What delicious reserve and restraint! All it needed was that the bird should have borne in its beak a card bearing the date of his arrival in the quarter indicated. Once the lady who was to be visited by the stork used to withdraw, as into pious retreat of preparation for her sacred office, but that is all played out. The stork comes with a brass band and three-sheet posters, and odds are offered on the sex of the visitant in the spring, summer or winter "book" of society's plungers. A stork party is such a refined, gracious event—especially if, after it has been held, the visit of

the bird becomes a tragedy. Verily the East is showing us many new things. No more shall it be vulgar to point out the lady. Soon shall she wear a stork emblem herself to announce her election to maternity. Birth is to be elevated into a social function with frills. How long, oh, Lord, how long until we shall have *accouchements* in public before invited guests whose names shall figure in the papers next day, with what they wore, as "among those present?" We are living, we are moving in a grand and awful time.

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The President's Next Hunt

Now the President's great "hunt" is over, or rather, he will change the form of the game. Instead of stalking bear he will stalk railroad rebaters and trusts. Let us hope that the wicked "animiles" will not escape him by climbing up in the Senate tree. The President is a mighty hunter though, and thus far has "got" what he has gone after. He will "get" the rebaters, no doubt, but not without a tracking that will call for all his woodcraft.

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Equitable's Row

ALL insurance business in this country is being injured by the Equitable scandal. It seems to be about time that the entire enormous insurance interest should get together and force a settlement of the Hyde-Alexander difficulty that will bring back insurance conditions to the normal. The Equitable muddle is, in fact, hurting all kinds of business. It has its evil effect in Wall street, on the banks and in ordinary commerce and manufacture. It is tightening up the purse strings of the smaller business man. It is woefully destructive of that "confidence" upon which all business is truly based. The Hyde-Alexander squabble should not be permitted longer to involve the innocent public in its evil consequences. Both men should get out of the company, and the policy holders should be given an opportunity to take an actual, not a nominal part, in the readjustment of the company's affairs. If the insurance interest cannot cleanse itself of the malady of which the Equitable imbroglio is a symptom, it will have no rational ground of objection to the suggestion that the National Government shall interpose to control the conduct of insurance for the protection of the hundreds of thousands of people whose fortunes are bound up in the business. If the insurance men cannot run the insurance business, and run it cleanly, then the Government must take it over, to a greater or less extent. Public control is the only apparent remedy for inefficient or venal private control. It is the warring plutocrats, exposing one another's malefactions and shortcomings, that make the strongest argument in favor of semi-socialistic courses of amendment.

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How to Get a Free Bridge

We shall have a free bridge over the Mississippi. It will be when one road—like, let us say, the Rock Island-Frisco-Chicago and Eastern Illinois system—shall, in its competition for business, in a singularly wide-spread territory east of the Mississippi from Chicago to Birmingham, begin to make rates that will leave the bridge toll out of the calculations. Every other road will have to meet such rates. Now, if the free bridgeers want what they clamor for, and do not want merely to get up real estate booms in North and South St. Louis by exciting lively hopes of a free bridge in either section, their duty is plain. Will they do for the system that starts the cut, something in return? Will they give the road that will absorb the bridge arbitrary their business over all

competitors? They want a big thing. They should give something in return. Business is a matter of reciprocal good service and benefits. Our business organizations are extremely patriotic, but will they, for instance, back up Jim Campbell, A. J. Davidson, B. F. Yoakum of the Frisco and B. L. Winchell of the Rock Island with St. Louis patronage exclusively for, let us say, two years, if those men, all of whom are fighting the battle for St. Louis, enter upon a fight against all the other roads? That is a practical question. The free bridge cry is impractical. A bridge without terminals and without railroads to use it will be no good. The free bridge cry may boost prices in either the North or South end temporarily, but if it does the slump will only be the worse when the bridge does not materialize. I think the business organizations had better get their best men together and have them do business with the little chunky, silver-laughing, gray-eyed, round-headed man on the ground floor of the Rialto Building, yelpen Jim Campbell, than waste wind and ink in resolutions and orations and addresses for a free bridge directed to the viewless air. Why haven't the St. Louis business organizations sense enough, or diplomacy enough, to work out their problem of better rates, and putting St. Louis on the map by combining with the St. Louis interests in the Rock Island-Frisco system to force a breaking up of the Terminal cinch? Give the road the business, guarantee it the business, and it will make the fight and win, just as the Wabash got into Pittsburg when the Steel Corporation guaranteed it sufficient tonnage to justify the expense of a winning battle against Cassatt of the Pennsylvania. When one sees the simplicity of this plan, one can hardly help suspecting that all other plans, however "drastic" supposed to be, directed at smashing the Terminal monopoly, are, in truth, fostered by the friends of that monopoly in the "resoluting" organizations. Let the business men organize not for resolutions, speeches, banquets, junkets and general guff, but to throw their united business to the men who will make the cut on the bridge arbitrary, and they will see how soon they will win. Davidson, of the dome-like brow; Yoakum, with the shrewd look of the Arkansaw Traveler, and Jim Campbell, with the cherubic gumption, are the people who can turn the trick, but they can't turn it unless there is a good lead for their trumps by the "resoluters" in the shape of a guarantee of business. Bunch the tonnage, authorize one man to dicker as to the way it shall all go East, Northeast and Southeast, and that road readiest to meet the situation will abolish the bridge arbitrary. Wherefore the MIRROR indorses the *Chronicle's* suggestion that Joseph Ramsey, Jr., be engaged as traffic agent of the St. Louis business men, and authorized to get us out of the Terminal pocket as he got the Wabash into Pittsburg. But the fellows who want to boost real estate, on the hopes of a bridge in either the North end or the South end, won't stand for this. And the mere yappers won't see that "business is business," because they want to keep before the public on the strength of their vapid talk. The great trouble with the greater number of people who thunder against the bridge arbitrary is that they don't mean it. Here's a plan to wipe the bridge off and put St. Louis on the map, and the MIRROR makes no charge for it. Here's a free bridge—two of them, the Eads and the Merchants'—inside of, at the longest, six months.

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Miss McKee's Will

THE late Miss Ellen McKee devised her controlling interest in the capital stock of the *Globe-Democrat* to a number of relatives, with the proviso that

it shall not be sold for twenty years. This tying up of property, this provision for what amounts to entail, is a custom growing rapidly in this country, and it is not a good one. This holding property in a world of live people by a dead hand is against public policy, and no argument is required to prove it. That the course of the testators in such cases is dictated by an affectionate desire to protect the beneficiaries of the bequest is undoubted, but it is equally indubitable that the persons whose interests it is sought to safeguard by such means are not benefited thereby. The provision of an income that may not be interfered with is only too often an act promoting lethargy and moral stagnation. An interest in a great productive enterprise which requires no effort for its protection is often the destruction of a spirit that might be of benefit to the world. Furthermore, it obstructs progress just to the extent that it induces to a *laissez faire* policy. Miss McKee was a good and kind woman, and meant only the best by her will, but without irreverence, it may be suggested that her foresight will probably not prove to be good either for the well being of her beneficiaries or of the great newspaper which was the foundation of her fortune. Of all things in the world, a great newspaper should not be controlled from a grave.

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Public Apathy on the Sunday Law

AND still we must wait for a good, red-hot Sunday to develop popular protest against "the lid." The people, decidedly, are not rising up in their wrath and might against the Blue Sunday. They await the action of the courts upon the questioned validity of the powers bestowed upon the Excise Commissioner. If the law creating that department of government is bad—the "lid" will come off. For there is little prospect that the juries in the Court of Criminal Correction will convict saloon-keepers who open on Sunday. If the Excise Commissioner's powers are legally imposed upon him, "the lid" will stay "on." Meanwhile, it must be rather a disappointment to the liquor interests that the people manifest so little resentment against interference with personal liberty. The liquor interests should pray for a sirocco. It must greatly grieve, also, those friends of Governor Folk, who had hoped that the saloon men in St. Louis would, in defying the law, thrust him into the high light as the champion of law, to find that the liquor interests are not making capital for him by obstreperous opposition to the law. A lack of acute interest in the law, and its enforcement in this city, is a sign that the community is tired of political fireworks and general sensationalism in the conduct of public affairs. When the people refuse to be worked up to a pitch of excitement over this matter, it is as depressing to the framers of the Folk programme for profitable publicity as it must be to the brewers and saloonists who thought that instantly the law would be condemned under the coercion of thirst. The saloons will reopen, or they will stay closed, simply as a matter of law. Liberal and puritan, publican and purist are abiding by the law with a poise and dignity which in themselves are things worthy of approval and almost justify the restriction that has been placed upon our "continental Sunday."

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Condolence With Mr. Short

Two dollars a seat at the Olympic for Weber's all-star company. Oh, my, dear Mr. Short! To what base purpose doth the Syndicate compel thee, Patrio! To hear a fat woman make fun of herself in juxtaposition with a German comedian of the expectoratory school of drama, two dollars! But I forgive thee, mine olden friend, for he who charges two dol-

lars for admission to such a show sins not so gravely as does he who pays that sum for the debauchery of his intelligence and his taste. It were bad enough, *cher Pat*, if we knew what 'twas all about, but when the show is a burlesque of a comic piece, that we have never seen, and scarcely heard of, that is the limit of human folly. Fortunately 'tis the end of the season, and by next year there may be a change in the fashion. And, oh, *mon Patrique*, you do know dramatic art when you see it? You have in time past given us the best, and you yourself have been among the most appreciative under the spell of the great artists here for years. You must suffer, too, and therefore, do I felicitate you that with relief you may close the doors after a most successful season, and hie away to some region unpenetrated as yet by the literary and dramatic neologisms of the "vat-it-is-it-yes-no-sissiges-who-dided-it" school.

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City Printing Contract

UP at the City Hall they have sworn that the city printing contract to be let May 19th, shall not go to the *St. Louis World*—not even on the lowest bid for the work. Col. Butler is supposed to have backed the *World*. We shall see how the administration will punish its enemies and reward its friends by taking the contract away from the lowest bidder. 'Twill be interesting; especially as the bids are opened and the contract let, under the law, by the City Register, and the Register is a Butler man—Pat Regan. A big paper can't take the city printing at the rates the city pays, for when it does so the big advertising business houses want to know why they have to pay seven or ten times as much per line for advertising as the city pays. The big established daily can't take the contract because when it does so, it advertises the fact that it "needs the money." Does any of the Wells-supporting dailies "need the money?" If not, how can the Wells administration keep its oath with itself to deprive Butler's *St. Louis World* of the contract, if that paper makes the lowest bid?

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Concerning Langton's Pardon

OH, those rigorously exact people who want cold justice! Here they are, now, protesting because Governor Folk pardoned "Joe" Langton, convicted of stealing Public Library money. How very virtuous! Yet what one of them would not seek pardon for himself or for his own kin, or for a friend in such a plight? Oh, he'd never do such a thing! No; never until he does it. No man can tell what he will or will not do under circumstances in which he has never yet found himself. No man can look at his family a little way back, or to either side, without finding some tainted member. No man who howls against pardon is worth listening to. It's one of the most glorious things in human nature that no matter what crime a man may commit, there are always those who will try to have him spared punishment. I am in favor of every man convicted getting off if he can. Why should Society demand a portion of his life in prison, or all his life on the gallows, when Society itself is, in a measure, responsible for his misdeeds? How little difference there is between the honest and the dishonest man. If you knew not the one's dishonesty how might you tell him from the other? No act of any man stands out wholly unrelated to all other men, and no man lives unaffected by the mass of men, for good or for evil. One poor devil against the State—the sum of all men and all devilry and all goodness! Who that knows his own heart does not sympathize with the one against the many. Any man good enough to have friends who will fight for mercy for him against the State must have good

enough in him to be worthy of mercy. There may not be enough convictions, but there are not enough pardons. We have all rejoiced as boys to see a poor, stray dog get away from the dog-catchers. Even so it is a goodly sight to see any being caught in the law's deadly gin get away. It is time for you and for me to yowl and yelp against pardon when we are sure that we shall never be so situated that we shall sue for pardon. "The quality of mercy is not strained," etc. Inimitably wise was that man who said of any sinner that "to know all is to pardon all." And as God knows all, there's our hope. It is disgusting that any pardon should be condemned. Who are we, either as individuals or as State, that we should judge our fellows for actions rising in remote, obscure sources we cannot know, because they lie in the past or run underneath the surface of the present in dim conditions which grow out of relations under our institutions and conventions which we cannot see? Let the other fellow clamor against pardons. When you do it yourself you forget that some day you may sue for what you would now withhold from another.

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Nan's Example

NAN PATTERSON is getting a great deal of advertising out of herself. But hardly more than Prosecuting Attorney Jerome, whose disinclination to let go of such a good "card" is very evident. The woman should be let alone. If the celebration of her continues, she may, by reason of the glamour thrown upon her, be more a murderess than even her antagonists believed her. She may be the death of the souls of many sentimental girls. Let us forget Nan.

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England Has a Scare

ENGLAND is getting worried over Rojestvensky, or rather, over Togo's failure to smash the Russian admiral. The possibility that Rojestvensky and Nebogatoff may snatch victory from defeat, and cut off the Japanese in Manchuria is one that the English cannot contemplate with patience. Therefore, England wants to break into the war, and to that end France is charged with violation of the neutrality laws. If a *prima facie* case could be made against France, the English could, on the strength of the treaty obliging them to assist Japan against any other power giving aid and comfort to Russia, take up the fight for Japan. There's a deal of England in the Japanese financiering. There's much British influence in the press coloring the news of the situation in Japan's favor and creating prejudice against Russia, for it is England's fight for power in the East as much as Japan's against national extinction, that is being waged in Manchuria. Japan is Great Britain's pawn. Now that England is frightened and begins to see French bugaboos, we may suspect that all is not as rosy as we have been led to believe in the situation as regards Japan. England tried to stop Rojestvensky by the Dogger Bank incident, which, oddly enough, does not appear to have been, to the thinking of the Naval Board of Inquiry, such a causeless, drunken, crazy freak of fear as the English press made it out. Now that Rojestvensky seems to be proving himself a fine seaman and good tactician, and he and Nebogatoff combined seem to jeopardize the fruits of Japan's victories heretofore, England is getting nervous, and it senses French intervention even as it accused Rojestvensky of firing wantonly on the Dogger trawlers. All English news about the Russo-Japanese fight must be regarded as inspired with motive to injure Russia in the world's good opinion. It is strange, if Russia be so incompetent, decrepit and disabled, that England should be in such a tremor,

but it is as true as strange. All of these considerations, however, without prejudice to the efficiency of the Japanese who are making a splendid fight against Caucasian civilization, no matter whether or not we approve that purpose of the war.

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To Prevent Appendicitis

HOW much we hear of the cure of appendicitis by knife. How little we hear of prevention.

From the nature of the disease, a material obstruction of a blind intestine, there should be a preventive of the ailment which is so prevalent, and, we may say, fashionable. There are precautionary measures which, if duly taken, will serve to minimize the chances of such an obstruction as nowadays is the dread of all persons heir to human ills, at least in civilization. Dr. Joseph Kidd, in the *Nineteenth Century*, sets forth a series of precautions to be observed by those who dread the stoppage of the blind intestine and the almost inevitable operation by "the slaughtering surgeon." His prescription will surely be found of general interest:

(1) Do not neglect chills when heated by exercise, especially after games on grass, or when much fatigued in mind or body. The actual exciting cause in most cases is chill, says Dr. Kidd. The bacterial forces are very quiescent till the colon is blocked by undigested food; then a chill develops the peritonitis, to which the inflamed appendix adds greater intensity and danger to life.

(2) Masticate well, eat slowly, do not swallow any food that is not perfectly softened by the teeth. Even salads, fruit, nuts, almonds, and raisins may be taken freely if really well masticated. In the haste and bustle of city life, it is better to take half a meal well masticated, than to bolt the whole in a hurry.

(3) Avoid aperient salts, waters, or pills. It is far better to let nature do her own work, undisturbed by purgatives of any sort. The doctor may find it necessary to order an aperient for a sick person, but the use of the aperient ought gradually to cease and not become a habit. With patience and diet management, nature may be allowed, unhindered, to resume her ordinary habit of health, a slow, gradual process. Patience is the opposite of that impatience which cannot wait. Alas! it is the rarest thing in the present day to find any one waiting for the healthy working of nature; all are impatient for quick results, in haste to disturb the healthy process (slow and sure) of normal digestion.

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Visitants

By J. Kellogg-Fisher

THREE times he tapped me on the head.
Each time he asked me: "Art thou dead?"
I felt alive in every limb,
And yet myself was dead to him.

Another stood beside my bier.
He did not speak. I felt him near.
I knew the thought within his breast;
Mine own responded: "This is best!"

Again a third crept to my side,
And said: "I've come to claim my bride."
I could not stir. O, woe betide!
I could not speak; myself had died.

Governor Folk and the Ladies' Bonnets

By Charles B. Oldham

LET United States Senator Wm. J. Stone and other anti-Folk Democrats take heart. Things are not as bad as they seem. And let the brewers and those with unslaked Sunday thirsts rejoice, for Governor Folk will presently have to take a dose of his own law-enforcing medicine or turn a complete somersault. It is the Governor, this time, who will "go up against the real thing." An innocent-appearing game law enacted by the late Legislature will do the work for the Chief Executive. He will not be able to put up the subterfuge that the law is a bad one, for he approved it, and for a man like Governor Folk to admit that he made so serious a mistake, after being afforded ample time for consideration of the measure, would be fatal.

Representative Walmsley, of Kansas City, is the author of this law, although it is said that the draft of the bill owes its origin to other sources. It purports to protect game, fish, insectivorous and song birds, furnish a good job for some one wanting the office of State Game and Fish Warden, impose licenses, etc. Section 2 of the bill, however, which seeks to protect birds, is the ditch into which Governor Folk will tumble. Among other things, it provides that no part of the plumage, skin or body of any bird protected by the act may be sold or held in possession for sale. The exceptions to this provision are, the English sparrows, so common a nuisance in all cities, hawks of several varieties, crows and owls. Severe penalties are provided for each infraction of the law, and in addition to the Game and Fish Warden and his deputies, every peace officer in the State is required to help enforce the law.

Perhaps Governor Folk did not scrutinize this section of the bill as carefully as he does the recommendations of John Crispin Roberts in political matters, for otherwise he would have foreseen the storm that would naturally follow an effort to enforce such a law. This section would deprive the ladies of all the handsome plumage with which they have long been accustomed to decorate their headgear, save ostrich feathers, which are exempt under a special provision, and also the use of chicken, duck, goose and turkey feathers. All the wild birds of bright plumage are protected by the law, and to sell the same or have the same in possession for sale, is a serious offense.

Now, how is Governor Folk going to enforce this law, which will be in full force in a few weeks? Will he write letters to the law-enforcing officers all over the State, as he did in regard to the Sunday law, telling them that they must enforce this new game and fish law even at the risk of incurring the wrath of the ladies, which will surely follow. Will the Governor undertake to say what the ladies shall wear on their hats and what they shall not wear? If he tries to enforce this law, he so says. And is not this sumptuary legislation, so detested by Jeffersonian Democrats? If not, then what is it? The Governor is on record as saying that "every law on the statute books of Missouri should be strictly enforced as long as it remains the law of the State." He has told the Missourians and the New Yorkers that he believes in a strict enforcement of all the laws, and has given the brewers and the Sunday saloon keepers a taste of what he can do.

Now let Senator Stone take off his gum shoes and come out in the open as an Ajax and defy this law-

enforcing Jove at Jefferson City to say that he intends to enforce Section 2 of the Walmsley Game and Fish Law. Governor Folk has advanced to a position whence he cannot retreat, for a retreat would be a rout of the most demoralizing character. The Governor has not said that the Sunday law meets with his personal approval. All that he has said on the subject is that it is the law of the State and must be enforced. But he has said that the Walmsley Game and Fish Law is a good enactment by attaching his signature to the same.

Mrs. Clara Hoffman should take courage. A year or more ago she made some remarks which were not well received about men making doormats out of their wives. She may now revive this issue, assured in advance that the Walmsley Law will furnish her all the ammunition required to substantiate her original assertion. Forget not that Governor Folk will be deprived of the advantage of combating the elderly dames alone, whose charms belong to the past. It will be a stern, law-enforcing Governor against the feminine beauty of Missouri—not those who laid aside the frivolities of youth when General Lee surrendered at Appomattox. Discussing the probabilities of prohibition in Missouri, the late Major John N. Edwards once remarked that no danger on this score was to be apprehended as long as the cause at Jefferson City was espoused by women whose appearance suggested a fatted goose with wheezy propensities. That class of ladies, so dreaded by Major Edwards, will not be the ones who will oppose the Walmsley act, but misses and young ladies for whose approving smiles men would face death.

Imagine Chief of Police Kiely receiving an order from Governor Folk to see that Section 2 of the Walmsley Law was not violated in St. Louis. The chief would refer the communication to the Chief of Detectives and the latter would refer it to the Night Chief of Police. This official would refer it to the Captains, the Captains to the Lieutenants, the Lieutenants to the Sergeants, the Sergeants to the patrolmen, the patrolmen to the probationary patrolmen, the latter to the Tenth Ward Improvement Association on the theory that this organization assumes a general superintendency of the Universe. The association would probably refer the matter to its Committee on Pains and Anxieties, and the latter would immediately adjourn *sine die*.

Before the Eastern press and magazines have anything more to say of Governor Folk as a probable Presidential candidate, they had better wait to see if he does not fall into his own law-enforcement trap. In a short time the Walmsley Law will be just as effective in Missouri as the Sunday closing law is today. Moreover, Governor Folk approved the former, but he has studiously avoided giving an opinion touching the Sunday law.

Meantime, let the feminine beauty of the State organize. Senator Stone will be glad to give them his advice. He organized a Health Society once and will be happy to tell them what he knows about the strength of organization, or anything else that will tend to out Governor Folk out of business. Levy tribute on the birds of brightest plumage to adorn the most beautiful hat Paris can turn out, place the hat upon a pinnacle, and inscribe underneath the words "*In Hoc Signo Vinces*," and then defy Governor Folk

to do his worst. Then a mighty musical, muliebrous voice will go up from the cornfields of Atchison to the frog ponds of Pemiscot, and from the zinc-bearing hills of McDonald to the cucumber patches of Clark County saying: "Down with the Tyrant at Jefferson City."

Ah, Governor, your finish is apparent if you follow the law-enforcing slogan of your own choosing. Shall the daughters of Missouri be compelled to adorn their heads with the feathers of the sombre crow, the plebian sparrow or the unsightly owl while the daughters of neighboring States may array themselves in feathers that add new beauties to the colors of the rainbow? No, a thousand times no. Feminine opinion will crucify the man who says so, and the voters will say "amen," for they will be afraid to say anything else.

You are in a tight place, Governor. You must either eat your own words, by saying that some laws ought to be enforced, and public sentiment ought to guide the enforcement or non-enforcement of other laws, or face one million mad women. Choose and choose quickly, and may the Lord help you, for it is certain that neither the politicians nor the preachers can do so this time.

A Speedway

By a Horseman

SAINT LOUIS wants a speedway. She can have it in Forest Park restored. The opportunity suggests itself. Municipal authorities have been looking for a location. They have sought a route for a roadway over which there might be imposed no limit on pace, beyond endurance. Along with the ambitious conception of Kingshighway boulevard was linked a prospective speedway somewhere in the northern suburbs vaguely known as Columbia Bottom. It was proposed to define a speedway which could be reached only by several miles of driving. That such a remote location was entertained can be explained only by the strongly felt want. Those who sought could find nothing near. A speedway calls for conditions difficult of realization in a city. And yet a speedway in the country is not at all the satisfactory thing. Who but a professional trainer wishes to speed an animal where there are no admiring lookers-on. A speedway is not simply a way on which to speed. To fulfill its purposes it must be easy of access to spectators as well as encouraging to the roadsters. The more the merrier for the speedway.

The topographical requisites are difficult. The speedway must be straightaway or nearly so. It must have but slight grades. Above all, it must not be intersected with crossings. A mile of broad straight road, practically level and without crossings! Where is it to be found in or about Saint Louis? The best answer the park commissioner and the street commissioner could find was a stretch along the proposed boulevard, away to the northward, beyond the cemeteries.

Then came the discovery that what the city authorities had been looking for all the way from the waterworks to the mouth of the River des Peres was offered in the restoration of that part of Forest Park granted for exposition purposes. In the northern and unimproved portion of the park was laid off many years ago a half mile track, which in a crude unsatisfactory manner served the city for a speedway. There, from a cloud of dust, behind a Golddust, Norman J. Colman's clarion voice, in his prime and

pride, penetrated to the fastnesses of The Wilderness. A quarter of a century back the Saturday afternoon programme of the gentlemen's roadsters was a part of the life of Saint Louis. But the ellipse of bounded dirt had served its day and generation; the unpainted grand stand was falling into ruin, when the World's Fair movement sought habitation. Although the tennis and golf players fluttered at the invasion, although Rachel lifted her voice and refused to be comforted when the Wilderness was doomed, there were no mourners at the passing of the Saint Louis speedway of the seventies and eighties.

There has been no serious suggestion to put into that part of Forest Park restored a speedway. Windy paths and gently curving roadways, a chain of lakes, wide sweeps of meadows, plantations in clumps and screens will compose the reposeful scene from Art Hill when the landscape is finished. A speedway has no fit place in that vision of landscape.

But in the south part of Forest Park restored is presented the opportunity for an ideal speedway. Several city officials saw it the other day and in chorus shouted "Eureka!" Oakland avenue set apart from abutting property awaits improvement. Between the avenue and the park boundary are the street railway tracks. Then comes the strip of the park which offers itself in fulfillment of speedway conditions at a cost of perhaps \$25,000.

A Bridal Morning Song

By John William Mackail

AWAKE! for day afar
Behind the morning star
Climbing, has flooded down on hill and lawn
In the pure western distance, range by range,
The purple mountain ridges counterchange
Shadow and gleam beneath the skirts of dawn.
Mist-veiled, the wood and rill,
The harvest field with autumn dew impearled,
The long white village clinging on the hill,
Shine in the light that lightens all the world.

Awake! for ere to-night
Have hid to-day's delight,
Or darkness stopped the busy harvesters,
Hymen must here hold revel for a space,
And bridal chants fill all the echoing place.
With flute and viol, and not without a verse,
Must one go forth to-day
To meet the welcome of her marriage morn,
Must one arise and take her southern way,
And leave the pastoral valley half-forlorn.

Hail and fair speed prolong
To him and her, O song!
Who meet this day no more on earth to part.
Long life and happiness and golden ease,
Sweet songs and soft confederate silences,
And children's laughter satisfy their heart.
Be this September morn,
Fragrant and festal in its white array,
The first of many and many yet unborn
More and much more abundant than to-day.

And though she leave us thus,
How often back to us
Shall she again with matron footstep come,
To teach her children each memorial spot,
And keep her maiden memory unforget,
Unlost the earlier in the newer home!
Often by holm and glen
She shall retrace the winged seasons' flight;
Often shall watch the silver-swirling Ken
Laugh to the sun or glimmer in the night.

No one interested in this highly desirable feature of city life sees the location without instantaneous conversion. The Clayton road leaves Forest Park where the southeast entrance to the Exposition was, bows to the south and curves back to the southwest corner of the park. The system of drives in this part of the park is generally on east and west courses. Along the southern boundary can be laid out the speedway a full mile in length. The street cars and Oakland avenue will parallel the speedway, affording the public facilities to view the passing show and at the same time meeting that hardest of speedway conditions, the problem of crossings. From the point where Clayton road leaves Forest Park, intersecting Oakland avenue, the speedway can have its eastern terminus. There is a gradual descent through the park to where Tamm avenue meets Oakland avenue. Beyond is a gentle upward slope from the summit of which a plateau extends to the Skinker road limit of the park. But few trees encroach upon the strip which would be needed for the speedway. The grading will not be heavy. The two or three fills can be made at comparatively small cost. The ease with which the public can reach the speedway either by street car or by vehicle, and can enjoy the spectacle is at once apparent to all familiar with the locality. Accessibility is one of the strongest recommendations for this addition to the attractions of the park.

So, with long years and sweet
Stretched out before their feet,
May they the lengthening slopes of life ascend;
Find shade and shelter and cool waters' flow
When the sun burns; and when the sun draws low.
Sweet sleep and grassy quiet in the end,
Here, where no lovelier ground
Stands open to the mute perpetual sky;
The eternal mountains watching all around,
The pastoral river always rippling by.

Or, if this life of ours,
With light and shade and showers,
Be but the dream that we must rise and break;
If he at last, that shadowy form, if he
Who keeps the gate of immortality,
Come as the Morning Star to bid us wake,
What can our love yet pray
For those we love, what better, fairer thing,
Than a long gracious night before the day,
Good dreams and sweet, and soft awakening?

Ah, and to me it seems
That even these earthly dreams
May forge a chain that shall outlast the night:
That loved and lover for the old love's sake
Will turn to one another when they wake,
With all the known and with a new delight;
To find that flower full-blown
Whose bud and promise cheered their mortal state:
To dwell for ever in that House unknown,
Soul grown with soul one and inseparate.

Awake, O dreamer! nay
With no dim thoughts astray
Darken this day of joy and clear delight:
Let happy tears and laughter fill it all,
And sunshine, till it find at evenfall
Splendour and consecration of the night.
Pass thou, my song, and die.
And if one ask thee, ere thy breath expire,
"What art thou?" then make answer: "Nothing I:
But God send every one their heart's desire."

New Varieties of Sin*

By Edward Alsworth Ross

(From the Atlantic Monthly.)

THE sinful heart is ever the same, but sin changes its quality as society develops. Modern sin takes its character from the mutualism of our time. Under our present manner of living, how many of my vital interests I must entrust to others! Nowadays the water main is my well, the trolley car my carriage, the banker's safe my old stocking, the policeman's billy my fist. My own eyes and nose and judgment defer to the inspector of food, or drugs, or gas, or factories, or tenements, or insurance companies. I rely upon others to look after my drains, invest my savings, nurse my sick, and teach my children. I let the meat trust butcher my pig, the oil trust mould my candles, the sugar trust boil my sorghum, the coal trust chop my wood, the barb wire company split my rails.

But this spread-out manner of life lays snares for the weak and opens doors to the wicked. Interdependence puts us, as it were, at one another's mercy, and so ushers in a multitude of new forms of wrongdoing. The practice of mutualism has always worked this way. Most sin is preying, and every new social relation begets its cannibalism. No one will "make the ephah small" or "falsify the balances" until there is buying and selling, "withhold the pledge" until there is loaning, "keep back the hire of the laborers" until there is a wage system, "justify the wicked for a reward" until men submit their disputes to a judge. The rise of the state makes possible counterfeiting, smuggling, speculation and treason. Commerce tempts the pirate, the forger, and the embezzler. Every new fiduciary relation is a fresh opportunity for breach of trust. To-day the factory system enables children to be worked to death on the double-quick, speculative building gives the jerry-builder his chance, long-range investment spawns the get-rich-quick concern, and the trust movement opens the door to the bubble promoter.

The springs of the older sin seem to be drying up. Our forced-draught pace relieves us of the superabundance of energy that demands an explosive outlet. Spasms of violent feeling go with a sluggish habit of life, and are as out of place to-day as are the hard-drinking habits of our Saxon ancestors. We are too busy to give rein to spite. The stresses and lures of civilized life leave slender margin for the gratification of animosities. In quiet, side-tracked communities there is still much old-fashioned hatred, leading to personal clash, but elsewhere the cherishing of malice is felt to be an expensive luxury. Moreover, brutality, lust, and cruelty are on the wane. In this country, it is true, statistics show a widening torrent of bloody crime, but the cause is the weakening of law rather than an excess of bile. Other civilized peoples seem to be turning away from the sins of passion.

The darling sins that are blackening the face of our time are incidental to the ruthless pursuit of private ends, and hence quite "without prejudice." The victims are used or sacrificed not at all from personal ill-will, but because they can serve as pawns in somebody's little game. Like the wayfarers run down by the automobilist, they are offered up to the God of Speed. The essence of the wrongs that infest our articulated society is betrayal rather than aggression. Having perforce to build men of willow into a social fabric that calls for oak, we see on all hands monstrous treacheries,—adulterators, speculators, boodlers,

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grafters, violating the trust others have placed in them. The little finger of Chicane has come to be thicker than the loins of Violence.

The sinister opportunities presented in this webbed social life of ours have been seized, because such treasons have not yet become infamous. The man who picks pockets with a railway rebate, murders with an adulterant instead of a bludgeon, burglarizes with a "rake-off" instead of a jimmy, cheats with a company prospectus instead of a deck of cards, or scuttles his own town instead of his ship, does not feel on his brow the brand of a malefactor. The shedder of blood, the oppressor of the widow and the fatherless, long ago became odious; but latter-day treacheries fly no skull-and-crossbones flag at the masthead. The qualities which differentiate them from primitive sin and procure them such indulgence may be clearly defined.

MODERN SIN IS NOT SUPERFICIALLY REPULSIVE.

To-day the sacrifice of life incidental to quick personal success rarely calls for the spilling of blood. How decent are the pale slayings of the quack, the adulterator, and the purveyor of polluted water, compared with the red slayings of the vulgar bandit or assassin! Even if there is blood-letting, the long-range, tentacular nature of modern homicide eliminates all personal collision. What an abyss between the knife-play of brawlers and the law-defying neglect to fence dangerous machinery in a mill, or to furnish cars with safety couplers! The providing of unsuspecting passengers with "cork" life-preservers secretly loaded with bars of iron to make up for their deficiency in weight of cork, is only spiritually akin to the treachery of Joab, who, taking Amasa by the beard "to kiss him," smote Amasa "in the fifth rib." The current methods of annexing the property of others are characterized by an indirectness and refinement very grateful to the natural feelings. The furtive, apprehensive manner of the till-tapper or the porch-climber would fare disagreeably upon the tax-dodger "swearing off" his property, or the city official concealing a "rake-off" in his specifications for a public building. The work of the card-sharp and the thimble-rigger shocks a type of man that will not stick at the massive "artistic swindling" of the contemporary promoter. A taint of unworthiness, indeed, always attaches to transactions that force the person into humiliating postures. Your petty parasite or your minor delinquent inspires the contempt that used to be felt for the retailer. The confidence man is to the promoter what the small shop-keeper was to the merchant prince.

MODERN SIN LACKS THE FAMILIAR TOKENS OF GUILT.

The stealings and slayings that lurk in the complexities of our social relations are not deeds of the dive, the dark alley, the lonely road, and the midnight hour. They require no nocturnal prowling with muffled step and bated breath, no weapon or offer of violence. Unlike the old-time villain, the latter-day malefactor does not wear a slouch hat and a comforter, breathe forth curses and an odor of gin, go about his nefarious work with clenched teeth and an evil scowl. In the supreme moment his lineaments are not distorted with rage, or lust, or malevolence. One misses the traditional setting, the time-honored insignia of turpitude. Fagin and Bill Sykes and Simon Legree are vanishing types. Gamester, murderer, body-snatcher, and kidnapper may appeal to a Hogarth, but what challenge finds his pencil in the countenance of the boodler, the savings-bank wrecker, or the ballot-box stuffer? Among our criminals of greed, one begins to meet the "grand style" of the great criminals of ambition, Macbeth or Richard III. The modern high-power dealer of woe wears immacu-

late linen, carries a silk hat and a lighted cigar, sins with a calm countenance and a serene soul leagues or months from the evil he causes. Upon his gentlemanly presence the eventual blood and tears do not obtrude themselves.

This is why good, kindly men let the wheels of commerce and of industry redden, rather than pare or lose their dividend. This is why our railroads yearly injure one employe in twenty-six, and we look in vain for that promised "day of the Lord" that "will make a man more precious than fine gold."

MODERN SINS ARE IMPERSONAL.

The covenant breaker, the suborned witness, the corrupt judge, the oppressor of the fatherless,—the old-fashioned sinner, in short,—knows his victim, must hearken, perhaps, to bitter upbraidings. But the tropical belt of sin we are sweeping into is largely impersonal. Our iniquity is wireless, and we know not whose withers are wrung by it. The hurt passes into that vague mass, the "public," and is there lost to view. Hence it does not take a Borgia to knead "chalk and alum and plaster" into the loaf, seeing one cannot know just who will eat that loaf, or what gripe it will give him. The purveyor of spurious life-preservers need not be a Cain. The owner of rotten tenement houses, whose "pull" enables him to ignore the orders of the health department, foredooms babies, it is true, but for all that he is no Herod.

Often there are no victims. If the crazy hulk sent out for "just one more trip" meets with fair weather, all is well. If no fire breaks out in the theater, the sham "emergency exits" are blameless. The corrupt inspector who O. K.'s low-grade kerosene is chancing it, that is all. Many sins, in fact, simply augment risk. Evil does not dog their footsteps with relentless and heart-shaking certainty. When the catastrophe does come, the sinner salves his conscience by blasphemously calling it an "accident" or an "act of God."

Still more impersonal is sin when the immediate harm touches beneficent institutions rather than individuals, when, following his vein of private profit, the sinner drives a gallery under some pillar upholding our civilization. The black-guarding editor is really undermining the freedom of the press. The policy kings and saloon keepers, who get out to the polls the last vote of the vicious and criminal classes, are sapping manhood suffrage. Striking engineers who spitefully desert passenger trains in mid-career are jeopardizing the right of a man to work only when he pleases. The real victim of a lynching mob is not the malefactor, but the law-abiding spirit. School-board grafters who blackmail applicants for a teacher's position are stabbing the free public school. The corrupt bosses and "combines" are murdering representative government. The perpetrators of election frauds unwittingly assail the institution of the ballot. Rarely, however, are such transgressions abominated as are offenses against persons.

Because of the special qualities of the Newer Unrighteousness, because these devastating latter-day wrongs, being comely of look, do not advertise their vileness, and are without the ulcerous hag-visage of the primitive sins, it is possible for iniquity to flourish greatly, even while men are getting better. Briber and boodler and grafter are often "good men," judged by the old tests, and would have passed for virtuous in the American community of seventy years ago. Among the chiefest sinners are now enrolled men who are pure and kind-hearted, loving in their families, faithful to their friends, and generous to the needy.

One might suppose that an exasperated public would sternly castigate these modern sins. But the

fact is, the same qualities that lull the conscience of the sinner blind the eyes of the onlookers. People are sentimental, and bastinado wrong-doing not according to its harmfulness, but according to the infamy that has come to attach to it. Undiscerning, they chastise with scorpions the old authentic sins, but spare the new. They do not see that boodling is treason, that blackmail is piracy, that embezzlement is theft, that speculation is gambling, that tax-dodging is larceny, that railroad discrimination is treachery, that the factory labor of children is slavery, that deleterious adulteration is murder. It has not come home to them that the fraudulent promoter "devours widows' houses," that the monopolist "grinds the faces of the poor," that mercenary editors and spellbinders "put bitter for sweet and sweet for bitter." The cloven hoof hides in patent leather; and to-day, as in Hosea's time, the people "are destroyed for lack of knowledge." The mob lynches the red-handed slayer, when it ought to keep a gallows Haman-high for the venal mine inspector, the seller of infected milk, the maintainer of a fire-trap theater. The child-beater is forever blasted in reputation, but the exploiter of infant toil, or the concocter of a soothing syrup for the drugging of babies, stands a pillar of society. The petty shop-lifter is more abhorred than the stealer of a franchise, and the wife-whipper is outcasted long before the man who sends his over-insured ship to foundry with its crew.

There is a special cause for the condoning of sins committed in the way of business and without personal malice. Business men, as a rule, insist upon a free hand in their dealings, and, since they are conspicuous and influential in the community, they carry with them a considerable part of the non-business world. The leisured, the non-industrial employes, the bulk of professional men, and many public servants, hold to the unmitigated maxim of *caveat emptor*, and accept the chicane of trade as reasonable and legitimate. In England till 1487 any one who knew how to read might commit murder with impunity by claiming "benefit of clergy." There is something like this in the way we have granted quack and fakir and mine operator and railroad company indulgence to commit manslaughter in the name of business.

On the other hand, the active producers, such as farmers and workingmen, think in terms of livelihood rather than of profit, and tend therefore to consider the social bearings of conduct. Intent on well-being rather than pecuniary success, they are shocked at the lenient judgement of the commercial world. Although they have hitherto deferred to the traders, the producers are losing faith in business men's standards, and may yet pluck up the courage to validate their own ethics against the individualistic, anti-social ethics of commerce.

Still, even if the mass turns vehement, it is not certain the lash of its censure can reach the cuticle of the sinner. A differentiated society abounds in closed doors and curtained recesses. The murmurs of the alley do not penetrate the boulevard. The shrieks from the blazing excursion steamer do not invade the distant yacht of her owners. If the curses of tricked depositors never rise to the circles of "high finance" that keep the conscience of the savings-bank wrecker, why should the popular hiss stay the commercial buccaneer? All turns on the power of the greater public to astringe the flaccid conscience of business men until they become stern judges of one another. If we have really entered upon the era of jangling classes, it is, of course, idle to hope for a truly public sentiment upon such matters. Nevertheless, in the past, antiseptic currents of opinion have mounted from the healthy base to the yellow-

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ing top of the social tree, and they may do so again.

While idealists are dipping their brushes into the sunset for colors bright enough to paint the Utopias that might be if society were quite made over, one may be pardoned for dreaming of what would be possible, even on the plane of existing institutions, if only in this highly articulated society of ours every one were required to act in good faith, and to do what he had deliberately led others to expect of him.

Blue Jay's Chatter

Dearest Jenny:

SUCH quietude—such pleasant placidity as falls to our lot this spring! 'Pon honor, it's enough to drive one mad, this settling down with nothing to do except twiddle one's thumbs, unless one is going over to you in June. If father gets over his fit about Coburg this summer, and doesn't insist on dragging the family up there in Canada to die of *ennui*, I shall sail the last of next month for London and THE season. Jane, doesn't that sound swagger? But I've a lot of smart invitations, and I'm dying of curiosity to see how the Billy McMillans are going to deport themselves in London town. They have rented a house, so the cablegrams declare, and are expecting the King to call most any day now. Surely you remember them? No? Well, possibly 'twas before your return from school. St. Louis never saw much of Mrs. McMillan—as she thought us plebeian and rudely Western to the last degree, and we returned the compliment and voted her cold and uninteresting, with a haughty veneer that did not conceal nor disguise her superficiality. A tolerably handsome woman to gaze at from afar, with social ambitions that bid fair to be realized now. She and Billy made an exploring trip up the Nile, you remember, and chummed with Menelik, and have foregathered so much of late with the English that they are about ripe for London, I expect. And the English will just about think that austerity of hers means great cleverness, so she's sure to get on. Then think of Billy's money. That ought to help some.

✱

Heigho! Let's see if I've a scrap of news. Bransford Lewis and Van Dyke Hill were married on Saturday. St. John's, of course. Very pretty wed-

ding. Bransford looked better than I've ever seen her. The tulle was wonderfully becoming. Not a beauty, you know, but with a nice intelligence in her face that makes one confident Van Dyke will always get his socks mended and his dinner on time. Poor Mrs. Lewis looked ready to drop at the reception—never saw anybody so pale, and you could tell she'd been working herself to death for months past to get Bransford ready. I know the Lewises hated a large wedding, but the Hill boys have all had 'em—like the measles, you know—and as they dote on society and like the show, why, there was nothing more to be said. Usually it's the other way, and the groom kicks on making a spectacle of himself, while the bride says, "give me a church wedding or give me death," but this time it was the other way round. Jessie Sherman and Ruth Gilliam were the bridesmaids, with some girls from Indiana, and Marian Lewis was the maid of honor. Their hats were the sweetest things—of Leghorn, with pink roses, and they wore fine white stuff—some kind of net it was—over pink flowered goods. I like pink weddings. They always made a good showing, and other colors are so dubious—will you ever forget that rainy morning when Florence West and Howard Elting were married—and it just poured and rained—and the dark old church was only lighted by gas, which made funny yellow streaks of light—and the bridesmaids, Irene Catlin was one, and I've forgotten the others—wore very light blue chiffon dresses, with bouquets of violets? We all shivered as they marched down the aisle. Irene is back home, after being sick all winter down South somewhere. I saw her driving this afternoon, and she looked quite a bit thinner and has lost some of her glorious coloring.

Only think of the gifts Bransford received. A diamond pendant from the Lewises—*mere et pere*—a splendid silver chest and complete service from the Hills—also *mere et pere*—a mahogany dining-room furniture set—gorgeous, my dear, in the new glass knob style, from the Hill brothers, and such loads and loads of silver as would tire you to read and exhaust me to enumerate.

✱

Tell me, Jane, is the fashion of asking the bride what she wants for her wedding present in vogue on French soil? It is coming up in St. Louis this spring, and I hear of so many who say they never give a thing nowadays without first inquiring of the bride

what she would like. This, of course, if you are at all intimate. But while it's lovely for the bride, it's simply despicable on the giver, for she's certain sure to say a jeweled bracelet or a forty-horse power machine, or something like that, and then you are in a nice predicament for your pocketbook, to be sure.

✱

Oh, my dear, I knew I had something important to tell you—yes, and I'm heartbroken about it—we have quarreled this time for true, and I'll never forgive him if he sends me diamonds and orchids every day for six months. Oh, it's Jack, of course, and how furious I am with him every time it comes into my mind—It was this way: Jack invited me to go out to the Algonquin Club opening last Friday night in his new machine—a magnificent touring car of the best make and perfect oceans of speed, Jane. I was wild to go, but mother won't let me go with any of the younger men at night alone, so he said he'd ask Ruth Espenschied, too. Ruth was as crazy as I, and we telephoned and had everything arranged about what we would wear, you know, and all that, and if you'll believe me, along about four that afternoon Jack rang up and said in an excited voice that a New York friend had arrived unexpectedly, and that he positively had to attend to some business matter with the friend that very night, and would I let him off and explain to Ruth, and that he would take me anywhere or do anything I wanted on Saturday. Well, I was as nice as pie about it,—you know how you always have to be, and I honestly believed the story, for Jack never yarns, at least, he never did before. Anyhow, the Morton Jourdans 'phoned after dinner that night, as I was mooning round in the library and trying hard to keep from blubbering over my disappointment and thinking how I'd get even with Jack anyway, and asked if I didn't want to go for a little spin as the night was so warm. We started out the Clayton road and had got pretty near to that half way house, Adolphus Busch owns, I believe, any how it's called Busch's Grove, and we slowed up to see what was the matter with a great big auto that had come to grief. Three men were on their hands and knees trying to fix the thing, while a tall and very handsome young woman, the striking kind, you know, in a big black hat and huge white veil, was on the back seat. Jane, as I hope to die one of those men was Jack. When he stood up after they finally got the machine to going and Mr. Jourdan had lent

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them our monkey wrench or something, he saw me and, Jane, you should have seen his face! He had to come and speak, but I just nodded coolly, and motioning to the handsome lady in the back, I said, with that careless air that you know I can put on occasionally, "How VERY good-looking your New York friend is. Introduce me, won't you?" And Jack was so embarrassed that I couldn't help pitying him. Then we rode on, and nothing more happened, till the next morning, when Jack was at the house before I'd finished breakfast. It seems that he really did think the friend was a man—only it wasn't his friend, but some lady that young Mr. Woodward is dreadfully struck on, and who has lately come here from New York. She is literary and Jack says is publishing some kind of Sunday-school books and has interested Mr. Woodward in them, and also one of the Lemo boys—I don't know which one, but I guess it must be Charlie for he is more inclined toward literature of that kind than any of the others—and that the other fellows phoned him that afternoon that they wanted him to take them all out for a ride so that they could talk over the publishing matter, quietly and without interruptions, such as they would be likely to have at the hotel where the lady is stopping. And that's how it happened, only, Jane, would you believe Jack's story or not? I don't know what to think. I told him that, perhaps, I could help the lady some by giving her a letter of introduction to our new minister at the Church of the Redeemer that we're all so crazy about—Rev. Charles Brown—I must tell you about him in a minute—and I know Mr. Brown would have been so interested in any books that could be used for Sunday-schools, and that sort of thing, you know, but Jack wasn't a bit enthusiastic, and said she had more orders now than she could fill, which seemed very short-sighted to me. But I don't

know the first thing about business methods, anyway, and Father says I'll drive some man to drink if I ever can find one foolish enough to marry me.

❖

Marjory Oliver is engaged, my dear, and what do you think—not to Chester Berg at all, but to some young army sprig that was here at the Fair—Clark Reynolds is his name, and I hear that he is very nice. But we all thought sure it was Chester, as they went everywhere together, and he was dreadfully in love, anybody could see that. Wasn't she sly to be engaged all the winter and keep two or three men chasing madly out to Cabanne and buying violets, with the real thing somewhere out in Kansas at a little army post? I would never have believed it of Marjory, but then, one can't always tell. The most demure girls are usually the worst flirts.

❖

Helen Noel and Frank Ellis were married last week, an awfully pretty wedding, and the groom surprised us all, he is so charming. You know none of our crowd knew him very well, indeed, not at all, until he began to go with Helen, and he quite astonished us by coming out strong on conversation. They are going to bury themselves in Webster, where Papa Noel has given them a fine house, so I hear. There is another Ellis son left, and after Jack's behavior, think I shall set my cap. I like the breed. Rena Dula came West to be Helen's bridesmaid. Rena looks very well, is somewhat stouter, and even prettier than when she lived here. New York always clears out the complexion, somehow. Funny the Dula girls don't marry. There must be four or five by this time. I used to think that Rena and Dunbar Fisher would eventually tie up, as he was devoted himself for several years, but the Dulas moved away, and when they come back to visit Dunbar gets very

busy with flowers and theaters, only so far it hasn't seemed to do any good.

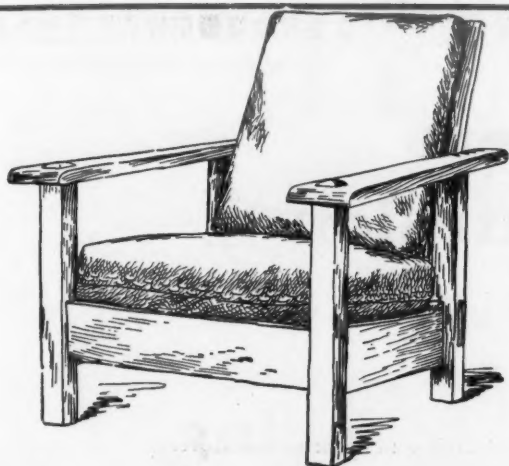
❖

Do you know, my dear, that the reckless way women telephone in public places is enough to make your hair curl? I was in Huyler's yesterday, and sitting back near the phone, when in came a young married woman whom we all know—see if you can guess who I mean—she is tall and blonde, and dresses put of sight—handsome jetted gowns and stunning hats, and that old college rhyme we used to sing—

"Carmine leaves such purple hues—
'Tis vermilion she doth use."

might, perchance, have some significance in her case. Anyhow, she lives out on Westminster, near Whittier, and goes every summer to either the Chicago Beach or some of those nearby resorts. Well, everybody who knows her has known for years of her penchant for a young medico who cares naught for the giddy whirl of society, but none of us thought she'd have the nerve to ring him up at a crowded place, and time like the lunch hour there. But she did, Jane, just rang his office and told somebody who answered the phone—the office girl, most likely, that "please tell Dr. So-and-So that Mrs. A. rang up and that she'd be there at four." And Jane, if you'll take my solemn word for it, three nights later I went to Faust's with the John McNairs and Marie Bakewell, who is simply-raving beautiful this spring, Jane, in half mourning—the Bakewells lost a little daughter of twelve last winter, you know—we went for dinner, as I said, and who should I see dining at the very next table but this same blonde woman, her husband, who doesn't cut much ice, except to pay bills, and the very doctor that she had telephoned. Must be playing the family friend role, don't you think?

We had a club women's week the last seven days.



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and you know how mother is always turning over the house whenever the Spoopendyke Memorial Club of Bowling Green comes to town. So we had to take in some delegates, and 'twas as much as father and the boys could do to get their meals in peace—Mrs. James of St. Joseph was elected president of something important that week. The delegates said it was a great victory over Kansas City, and that Mrs. James was a Tootle. Nice for her, isn't it? A St. Joe Tootle is like a Philadelphia Biddle or a St. Louis Benoist. You can travel on the name most anywhere and cash checks.

❖

Mrs. Sarah Platt Decker, the national club president of the U. S. and Philippines, "entered the convention hall, and was given a monster ovation," as the papers put it. I'd like to be Sarah just for her sense of humor. She seems to have more than any club woman I ever met, and got off some jokes last week that dispelled the usual club gloom for about five minutes each time. Sarah Platt Decker has been a widow three times. Maybe that's why she can afford to be funny. She lives in Denver, and she married the Judge who got her divorce from the second husband, who wasn't as nice as he ought to have been, Jane. Anyhow, Judge Decker was a rich old bachelor, and he thought she was the finest thing going, and they married and lived in great content until he died, about two years ago, leaving her a million. Speaking of widows, and rich ones, makes me think to tell you that Eleanor Clubb's mother, Mrs. Sam Clubb, lost her hundred thousand suit against John Scullin to recover on Wiggins Ferry stock—that old case up again. Mrs. Clubb went to court wearing French creations, and society witnesses testified for her in big bunches. Mrs. Clubb ought to begin banting or Svoboda or something that is slimming in its effect. She is getting too stout for utterance, and in a lilac silk gown the other afternoon, as I saw her driving, she completely filled the victoria—and overflowed a little. But she's handsome, anyhow, and amiable, and spends her money lavishly, which is more than some ladies who are not widows do—in society, I mean.

That bunch of chums, Henrietta Lazarus, May Stanley, Mabel Sanders, et al., are flying around town kind of lively. Those girls do put on the lugs until you can't see—they've all struck a new voice, a mouth-full-of-mush business that kills you dead the first time you hear it—it's just being sprung on the public, and if they don't forget and lapse into the usual Lazarus or Stanley or Sanders dialect when excited, it may take all right for a summer fad.

Henrietta is the most exclusive in that bunch. Why, Jane, she wouldn't even let a photographer keep her picture in his show case—said she didn't approve of girls permitting their pictures to be stared at by the vulgar crowds—my! I'd give worlds to be as recherche as that, wouldn't you? It always makes the common people open their eyes and stand respectfully back like the Britishers do when royalty goes along the lane.

❖

S-h-h-h! I hear it whispered that Dave Calhoun has "embraced" the Catholic faith. That's right. Always be doing something, if you want to be in the going. But how about Catholicity and divorce. Isn't the first Mrs. Dave alive? Still, money can find reasons, you know. Anyhow, who cares, for the present Mrs. Dave is more gorgeously in evidence in everything than ever. And one never hears much of Mrs. Norman Jones, Dave's daughter, who used to preside over his home so gracefully and graciously.

❖

Positively, the most beautiful thing in society is the devotion of May Mansfield Barnes to Mrs. Marion Lambert. But it's a little too demonstrative, I think. You'll probably see the Albert Bond Lamberts in Paris soon. They've gone and left the babies in care of Grandma McGrew, three of 'em, boys, and one only four months old. The modern mother, Janey, is a marvel.

❖

The Claude Kennerlys have been putting up a nice house in Lenox place. Edith (Mrs. Claude), besides being athletic, prides herself on being an architect. So when her aunt gave her \$25,000 to build a home, Edith put only a part of the "mon" in the



ADMIRATION

for good clothes is a good personal asset, inasmuch as it causes the man imbued with this character trait to dress as well as his means allow; and it pays to be well clothed.

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house and turned the rest over for Claude to use it in his business. Isn't that sweet? But the builder did a cheaper job in accord with smaller price, and so the foundation was too light, and the floors are all settling, and the doors won't open if they're shut, or shut if they're open. But Edith and Claude are off to Europe, leaving the builder to worry.

❖

Mrs. Folk is to have the whole bloomin' Morning

Choral Club up to the Executive Mansion June 9th. There now. Them's doings. Where's the cash coming from, I don't know. But Mrs. Governor Folk is a big hit, I tell you, fine looking, tasteful, witty, interested in people and things, yet not pushful at all. And she's dressing in a way to set herself off with just that elegance which is of powerful effect without any pronouncedness.

That dear Frank Wyman and President Stewart of the Police Board still don't speak as they pass by, and Stewart got off Frank's bond as postmaster just because of one letter being sent to the Police Board office that should have gone to the Union Trust Company's office. And that's the sort of fellow we have enforcing the Sunday law. I wonder why the dailies don't print that story, or the story of William Pickel's putting up \$5 to bind a \$900,000 purchase of the Wainwright Building. The directors of the German Savings Institution, in the Planters, were figuring with Charlie Gerhart on buying the Wainwright Building for \$750,000. Charlie cabled the offer to Ellis Wainwright, in Paris, who refused it. Pickel, a director not in the inner circle of the deal which was engineered by August Gehner, picked up a memorandum on the directors' table about the building and the price, saw a chance to get the property and dispose of it on an advance to his own bank, and went out and made the dicker. Then it came to getting the funds to buy, and his fellow directors caught on and shut him off borrowing. So the deal dropped, and he's now sued on the sale for, oh, ever so much. So the Wainwright Building isn't sold the German Savings hasn't made up its mind to move, and William Pickel is likely to be soaked for a good bunch of interest, at least, on his \$900,000 promise. It's a great story of "honor" in high finance—a little deal like an Equitable snap, that didn't go through.

Someways back I mentioned our new rector, the Rev. Brown. Jenny Wren, he's the dearest, cutest thing—all round, and fat and darling, like a Raphael cherub, and he looks about nineteen, but, of course, is older, though they do say he was most precocious as a child, and finished his theology course much earlier than the average, he and Mrs. Brown. Oh yes, there is a Mrs. Brown—quite pretty with very pink cheeks and a tiny, tiny mouth—nice girl—were out at the Country Club one day recently with the Hudson Bridges who are the richest people in the Brown parish. Well, Edna Mulhall, that fine, handsome young girl who does the society reporting for the *Star*, was there taking notes on the polo match, I believe—Bissel Wear told me about how it happened—and she asked the Rev. Brown for his name or something, and as he gave it he kind of swelled up and said that he was always dreadfully afraid of newspapers, and that nothing was so offensive to his taste as publicity in the daily press. Of course, Miss Mulhall was impressed, and while she stood spelling out his name and getting the middle initial just right, Mr. Brown retreated some distance, but not out of earshot, and said in a loud tone, "I'm going to make things stir pretty soon, I can tell you. Wait till I get my sermon on "Marriage and Divorce, ready." And then I suppose, he watched Edna out of the tail of one eye to see if she noted that down.

"We're all so much alike," Jane, ministers as well as the also rans. Shall have to hurry up if I am to get this in the afternoon's mail, so will lump all the rest of news. Jim Nelson is back looking seedy and saying nothing about marrying Rosemary Sartoris—wish she'd made him a present of a few new neckties in New York—and Emily Otterson, that poor little

Fruit Growers Texas Excursion June 20th.

Special train excursion of fruit and truck growers over the Cotton Belt Route to East Texas, the great fruit and truck district, at the height of the picking and shipping season, June 20th.

Object, to study fruit and truck conditions at a time when results can be seen. Excursion will be headed by big growers, officers of several State horticultural societies, Agricultural college experts, farm paper editors, etc.

Round trip will consume a little less than a week. A low rate for the round trip will be made, 3-weeks return limit if desired. A great trip for fruit and truck growers. Write for itinerary of trip and booklet on East Texas fruit and truck growing.

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Gen'l Pass. and Tkt. Agent.



Cotton Belt Route,

909 Olive St.,

Union Station.

widow who ran away with Bob Carr in an automobile to Belleville, killed herself with poison—and additions are expected daily in the households of the Billy Maffits, the Frank Rands (she was Nettie Hall, you know), and the Rufus Taylors (Caroline L. Newman); and Alice Morton, must have had too much pink circus lemonade the other night coming across Grand avenue from the Fourpaw show, as she was screaming and pulling away from Allen West and

shouting that she had to go home, while Allen tried to hold her back. They were only funning, though, and the Jimmie Drummonds were just behind for chaperones; and Corinne Francis has a new beau, some chap with gray hair and rosy cheeks, that simply eats her up in the street cars,—with his eyes, Jane. I mean—he's so smitten—don't know his name—and that's all for this time.

My love to you.

BLUE JAY.

The Confiteor of the Artist

By Charles Baudelaire

HOW penetrating are the dying days of autumn! Ah! penetrating unto pain! For there are certain delicious sensations whose vagueness does not prevent their intensity, and there is no point sharper than that of the Infinite.

Great delight, that of drowning one's gaze in the immensity of sky and sea! Solitude, silence, incomparable chastity of the azure; a remote sail that trembles on the horizon, and imitates, by its remoteness and isolation, my irremediable existence; the monotonous melody of the tide—all these things think through me, or I think through them (for in the grandeur of revery the Ego soon loses itself); they think, I say, but musically and picturesquely, without syllogisms, without deductions.

But these thoughts, whether they come from me or spring from things, become soon too intense. Energy in pleasure creates uneasiness and positive suffering. My nerves, too tightly strung, give out only discordant and painful vibrations.

And now the depth of the sky dismays me, its limpidity exasperates me. The insensibility of the sea, the immutability of the spectacle revolt me. . . . Ah! must I eternally suffer, or fly eternally from the beautiful? Nature, enchantress without pity, rival ever victorious, leave me! Cease from tempting my desires and my pride! The study of the beautiful is a duel in which the artist cries out with terror before he is vanquished.

PEOPLE CROWD

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We practically eliminated this cost by our low prices and convenient plan of payment. The result—people are buying gas ranges NOW—buying them as never before. This, after all, is the real unfailing test of what people think of gas for cooking.

Go to our office, 716 Locust street, or your nearest dealer. Invest in a gas range—invest in home happiness.

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MUSIC AND THE SUNDAY LAW

BY OWEN MILLER.

There is no class of employees in the community that suffer so much from the interpretation placed upon the Sunday Law by Gov. Folk as the musicians.

Since the purchase of the Louisiana Territory 102 years ago, St. Louis has enjoyed a "Continental Sunday." None of the territorial governors or of the governors since the State was admitted in 1821, ever attempted to place such extreme construction upon the law as has the present chief executive, and all of them were as conscientious in the performance of their duty as the present incumbent. All of them recognized that the cosmopolitan character of the people of the metropolis of the State and the custom established by long usage had virtually made the custom a law.

For 102 years the people of this community have arranged their affairs in accordance. Mr. Folk was sworn in as Governor January 9th, 1905. The law was the law then. The oath of office was as binding then as now. The legislature was in session until March 18th, 1905. The manly and honorable course to pursue would have been to issue the order enforcing the law as seen through Folk spectacles then, and not to have waited until after the legislature adjourned and the spring election in St. Louis was a matter of history. But, no; the order came without a moment's warning, and on the threshold of the opening of the summer season, and the people whose arrangements had been made on the basis of the custom of 102 years were taken entirely unawares, and their business virtually destroyed.

There are about 650 professional instrumental musicians in the city. Most

of them have devoted the best part of their lives to perfecting themselves in their chosen profession. Their arrangements for the summer season of 1905 had all been made on the basis of previous custom, when this order came and completely paralyzed all the arrangements already made.

The people who work for a living, which includes bona fide business men, (not grain and stock gamblers), contractors, mechanics and laborers, are busy six days in the week toiling to make both ends meet, and their only opportunity for mingling socially with their fellows comes on Sunday. The societies, fraternal lodges and labor unions in arranging for their summer social gatherings find Sunday the only day they can spare for this purpose. As a rule these summer social gatherings were held in Gardens and one of the sources of revenue was from the sale of beer. Through this order their source of revenue is entirely cut off, therefore necessarily making all arrangements made null and void. This alone has entailed the loss of thousands of dollars to the musicians who played for these affairs. During the winter season, on the same principle, all the entertainments given by the people who must work six days in a week, are given on Saturday and Sunday evenings. These people have been accustomed to the privilege of enjoying a glass of beer on such occasions. Under the Folk regime, everything must close at midnight Saturday and remain closed until Monday morning. The same as at the summer affairs, a goodly portion of the revenue in support of these social gatherings came from the sale of beer. This new system will cut off the major portion of such entertainments, meaning the loss of thousands of dollars.

Another thing. Mr. Mulvihill's announcement that music must be dispensed with in all cafes, has already resulted in dispensing with the splendid orchestras employed in Faust's American, Lippe's, McTague's, and a number of similar places, entailing the loss of not less than \$100,000 per year in the aggregate to the musicians who were thrown upon the street. This ruling as to music in cafes caused the abandonment of the intention to continue the Tyrolean Alps as a first class cafe, with an orchestra of 50 of the cream of the profession. All the arrangements had been made. This means the loss of about \$1,500 per week to the musicians. This splendid venture whose establishment upon the basis outlined would have been a credit to St. Louis, is about to be turned into a Vaudeville Garden. On account of the increased demand, about 300 of the 650 professional instrumentalists depended largely upon what they could earn on Saturday and Sunday and this spasm of civic virtue deprives them of the means of earning a livelihood. What are these men to do? They know no other trade. Who are these people that, through a political game, under the pretense of respect for the law, are deprived of the means of honestly supporting themselves and those depending upon them? Mr. Folk was the people's prosecutor for four years. He cannot point to an instance where a professional musician ever cost the State a cent, or him the loss of any time or the expenditure of any grey matter in the prosecution of one such for the infraction of any of the statutes of the civil or criminal code of Missouri. As law abiding, frugal, industrious and generally model citizens they are second to none in the community.

What have they done, that without a moment's warning, without being given the opportunity of preparation to fit themselves to the new order of things, to have the custom of a century set aside, and the custom of the days of Cotton Mather substituted therefor, thus depriving them of the means of remaining what they always have been—honest, model citizens.

If Mr. Folk is honest in his determination to enforce the law, why doesn't he, as chief magistrate of this great commonwealth, in accordance with his solemn oath, enforce *all* the laws on the statute books? Let us have a strict observance of the Sabbath according to the law, and the people who are principally affected by the present interpretation will say Amen, but we decidedly protest against making any distinction in the application or enforcement of the law.

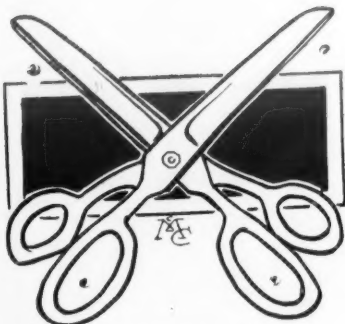
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AT THE PLAY

BY PIERRE MARTEAU.

Weber sans Fields.

If Lew Fields, in an alcoholic aberration, should invade the house of Weber, what would he say to Sam Collins?

"Sammy," he might truculently murmur, "you're a lower comedian than I thought you. You weigh too heavily in the comedic scale; you spoil the balance so laboriously preserved by Joe and me, and keep him constantly kicking the beam. Your syntax is sufficiently salivary, your smile sufficiently golden—but you won't do, Sammy, because you're almost a whole comedian yourself."

This, and more, might be postulated of such an invasion, but to pursue conjecture further is futile, since from the beginnings of the breed, no comedian has ever yet been able to "see" another of his kind. Just as one Raymond Hitchcock, "comedian"—recumbent in the foreground of an upper box at the Olympic Sunday night, with his bride properly relegated to the background—never for an instant "saw" Charles Bigelow nor Sam Collins, being too intent upon his own distinguished aspect from the auditory's coign. Verily, a strange beast is the "comic."

"Higgledy-Piggledy," the first of the Fieldless Weber's "exhibits," is good, or bad, enough—as the viewpoint happens—to whet the appetite for "The College Widower," programmed as "exhibit B." The second "exhibit" is disappointing in so much as it fails of the old Weber-Field burlesque standard, partly because "The College Widower," being itself a satire, does not lend itself so readily to burlesque, as did the serious intentions of, say "The Little Princess;" partly because Edgar Smith's faculties are unfreshened, and partly because none of the players—save Miss Dressler and Mr. Boucicault—notwithstanding a certain capability in their own "line," seemed to bring to their work the requisite subtlety of humor necessary to burlesque a burlesque. The best "bit" in the performance was the calkish love duet between Miss Dressler as Tilly Buttin and Frank Mayne as the College Widower. But this humor proves too quiet for the groundlings in deference to whom the action is speedily heightened to the slapstick stage.

The Dressler is a wondrous person, and whether in song, speech or pantomime, she is continuously and unctuously funny.

Aubrey Boucicault, Sam Marion, May McKenzie and a de luxe chorus, as well as other principals, furnished an effective background for the overwhelming Marie.

Good Old "Wang."

"Wang" DeWolf Hopper, and the curtain speech at the Garrick, recall days when comic opera ran to royalty and melody. The good old piece, renovated, repaired and rejuvenated, has improved with age, and Hopper has come more completely into his own since the early days of his greatest success. His eleven thousandth curtain speech had a spontaneity and wit that his eleven hundredth lacked—truly the only curtain speech where the manner and matter warranted the offense. Hopper's vocal chords have borne wonderfully the tension put upon them during many years of service in the interest of strenuous comedy, and his phenomenal baritone has all the ringing, cheery clang that placed it in a class by itself in the early nineties, while that classic "Casey at the Bat" will go into history as a remarkable elocutionary achievement.

Daintiest little Marguerite Clark completely obliterates the memory of former, more robust Malayas. The comic opera stage has known nothing so refreshingly sweet and unspoiled as this

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When passing behind a street car look out for the car approaching from the opposite direction.

mite, whose personality is provocative of the inevitable comparison to rare china.

Mr. Hopper is further aided by an elephant, whose intelligent legs seem pregnant with embryo Mansfields and Sothorns, a prima donna with profuse teeth and a voice securely gripped and coiled tightly around some hapless high tones, and a sturdy-legged chorus.

"Dora Thorne," at the Imperial, is as good a play as it is a novel. It is an emotional drama presented with all attention to points and detail, and the actors in it are of commendable proficiency in their parts. Among those actors of quite patent merit are Cuba Niblo, George C. Denton, Joseph Selmon, Catherine Angus, Edith Damby and Charles B. Barrington. The most hardened playgoer will extract pleasure from their performance.

David Higgins, humorous, pathetic, always moving, is the star in "His Last Dollar" at the Grand. 'Tis a very human play, and there are some moments in it when it searches the heart quite poignantly. Mr. Higgins is supported by Eleanor Montell, and she is really captivating in her qualities. The Grand attraction is worth while in all respects. This show ends the season at this theater, and ends it on a high note of homely comedy.

The Standard audiences are enraptured with the vaudeville menu at that house this week, and Standard audiences are most exacting. "The Thorngbreds" are all their name implies.

Coming Attractions.

The strength of the vaudeville entertainment at Forest Park Highlands lies in the pleasing variety of the attractions offered by Col. John D. Hopkins from week to week. This week everyone concedes that the six acts contrast strongly, and each one is the best of its kind that can be found. Next week, beginning with Sunday's matinee and evening performance, the Colonel offers McMahon's Mississippi Midgets and Minstrel Maids, in their latest dancing scenes, first, an Indian camp; second, a levee steamboat; third, nine dancing sunflowers, and fourth, plantation pastimes. This is the first time this act will be seen in St. Louis. The seventeen Pekin Zouaves will show the latest military drills in compact form. Lillian Tyce and Irene Jermon present in character an Irish girl and a dainty comedienne, with good singing and dancing numbers. McMahon and Chapelle present a little jollity entitled, "20 minutes before the train leaves.—Have another smile." Billy Link is a good comedian and parodist, and Fred and Annie Pelot do some very clever juggling work. The Highlands has taken on a pleasant summer look, and the Sunday crowds are bigger than ever.

Another week of "Wang" and De Wolfe Hopper at the Garrick next week. As above described, "Wang" is a good revival. Indeed it is as good as it ever was, and better. Hopper is inimitable, and the piece is charmingly presented in all respects. The second week should surpass the first as a success. The Garrick will close after next week.

"Bohemian Burlesquers" come next week to the Standard. They are favorites with their broad effects, new songs, many unique turns by expert performers. They will warm the coolness of the Standard auditorium.

"If you have tears prepare to shed them now," for next week at the Imperial comes that fine old melodrama, "A Broken Heart." It is an old-fashioned sort of thing, but all the more interesting for that, and we are promised a company of talent to make its potent appeal.



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It now is being used all over the United States, Canada, England, Scotland, France, Germany, Switzerland, Austria and Australia for not only cleaning, but renovating and disinfecting walls, ceilings, beds, mattresses, draperies, upholstered chairs, and woodwork of not only homes, but theaters, hotels, clubs, department stores, libraries and public buildings.

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WHY WOMEN ARE LATE

"It's just seven o'clock," said Squilbob, "and so you have plenty of time to dress yourself carefully for the theater. With this margin of time, Henrietta, you can surely have no excuse for being unprepared at the last moment, a trait wholly confined to your sex."

"Yes, dear, I'll start dressing right now," said his helpmeet, dutifully.

"And I myself will show you a good example in promptness," said Squilbob, kindly. "I'll start right in now myself. By the way, where are my shirts?"

"Here they are."

"Put the shirt studs in it, will you? And, er—by the way, this dress suit is rather rumpled. I must have tossed it around in the drawer. You are rather handy at those things, Henrietta—can't you press it into some sort of shape?"

"All right, dear."

"And while you are at it, fix the pearls in my shirt front. Ginger! I wish you'd chase up my cuff buttons."

Mrs. Squilbob flew around with deft and willing hands, gathering the masculine apparel together, while Squilbob calmly dressed himself in the intervals of his rapid-fire directions. "Got my top hat?" he asked. "Good. Now please fix my necktie, and—why—er—er—"

Squilbob gasped in surprise, looked at the clock hands, which pointed to 8, and then surveyed the flurried little woman.

"Ginger!" he said, in fine scorn, "aren't you dressed yet? Well, if that isn't just like a woman!"—*New York Sun.*

FRUIT AS DRINK CURE

There is but one sure cure for the drinking disease or habit, and that is the simplest of all. The cure consists in eating fruits. That will cure the worst case of inebriacy that ever afflicted a person. It will entirely destroy the taste for intoxicants and will make the drunkard return to the thoughts and tastes of his childhood, when he loved the luxuries nature had provided for him and when his appetite had not become contaminated by false, cultivated tastes and attendant false desires and imaginary pleasures. No person ever saw a man or woman who liked fruit and who had an appetite for drink. No person ever saw a man or woman with an appetite for drink who liked fruit. The two tastes are at deadly enmity with each other, and there is no room for both of them in the same human constitution. One will certainly destroy the other.—*What to Eat.*

FILL IN THE BLANKS

Her hair was—well, perhaps the shade
You'll know by intuition;
Suffice it, her artistic friends
Allude to it as ———.

And though it was the hue of flame,
The worst you ever saw burn,
The maid herself in terms discreet
Referred to it as ———.

And yet if you would know the truth
When all is done and said,
Her little brother and her foes
Pronounce the color ———.

—N. Y. Times.

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If your walls and ceilings are stained and spotted you can easily remedy them with the aid of a little paint. Occidental Interior Enamel will work wonders on them, and leave a beautiful finish. We can show you many suitable shades, and will cheerfully give you color cards and prices if you will call.
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The Powder for Brunettes.
The Powder that Sticks!

Carmen Powder is the most perfect beautifier that money, science and skill can produce.

Carmen Powder makes and keeps the skin soft and beautiful.

Carmen Face Powder is made of the purest and most expensive ingredients and is wonderfully prepared by an elaborate process, so as to peculiarly suit the brunette complexion; the skin of brunettes being different from that of blondes in important particulars.

Carmen Powder, no matter how carelessly applied, does not "show powder," as all other powders do when applied to brunette complexions. Carmen Powder blends and produces a soft and velvety effect of indescribable beauty.

Carmen Powder sticks, no matter if it is in the heated ball room or in the sun and wind. No "touching up" is ever necessary. This product is far superior to anything made, and if you will use it regularly you will find that the beauty of your complexion will be commented upon.

Unlike many powders, Carmen is not only a great aid to beauty, but it is of wonderful benefit to the skin, imparting that clear, healthy look which indicates so surely a knowledge of the higher refinement of life.

Made in four tints—cream, flesh, pink and white.

Carmen Powder is for sale by most druggists, though some druggists, not having it, may offer you a substitute. Do not accept it! There is no substitute for the genuine Carmen Powder—no other powder will do what Carmen will

THE PRICE IS 50c The Box.

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ST. LOUIS, MO.

GERMAN COURT COSTUME

A German lady who describes herself as from "the provinces" wrote to a friend describing her experience at the opera the first night of Leoncavallo's "The Roland of Berlin," at which the Emperor was present. When his Majesty is present all other persons must be in evening dress.

"I had read on the back of my ticket," writes the provincial, "that I must wear a low-necked dress. Accordingly I took my Nile-green silk which has served me well in my local circle, and cut out a heart-shaped piece from the front, sacrificing as little as consistent of my society costume. The doorkeeper, taking a front view as I entered, allowed me to pass. From my place in the parquet I was surveying the sea of snowy shoulders and arms and admiring the jewels that sparkled even from the topmost gallery rows, when I felt myself gently touched on the shoulder. I turned and saw a magnificent figure whom I presently learned was the Upper Head Master of the Opera Doorkeepers. He requested me softly to be so good as to follow him to the lobby, as he had something of the utmost importance to communicate. Mystified, I did so.

"The Upper Head Master of the Opera Doorkeepers informed me that my dress was not adequately low behind, although the front might narrowly escape the severe limit laid down for décolleté.

"It can soon be arranged in the cloak room, gracious lady," said he, and to the cloak room I went, where the attendant, who seemed fully equipped for such work, trimmed out the back of my dress, enlarged the V-shaped front, basted up the frazzled edges, and thanked me in a business-like way for the mark I bestowed. With some shame and a throbbing self-consciousness I made my way to my seat. No one seemed to notice me, and I was soon enjoying again the wonderful costumes on and off the stage."—*Harper's Bazar*.

♦ ♦ ♦

THE DIGNITY OF THE LAW

A felon did a murder of a rather messy sort—

The details were appalling, if we credit the report;

But his innocence was proven, when they brought him into court,

By a "lawyer in good standing."

A gentleman of pleasure wearied of domestic strife,

So he hatched some pretty slanders that would compromise his wife.

Result: A quick divorce obtained, a woman marked for life,

By a "lawyer in good standing."

A law of public justice brushed the elbows of a trust,

Who did the dark and devious its energies to bust—

And the man who bribed and quibbled till the right was in the dust

Was a "lawyer in good standing."

A millionaire promoter who was known to be a thief,

Caught gory-handed in a steal, bid fair to come to grief,

So he summoned his attorney, for he knew he'd find relief

In a "lawyer of good standing."

The lawyer brought the case to trial with all precaution due.

The judge discerned the clink of coin and smiled as if he knew

The defendant must be innocent—you see His Honor, too,

Was a "lawyer in good standing."

—*Wallace Irwin, in New York Globe*.

♦ ♦ ♦

Husband—"You ought to know more than to order a pearl necklace when you know how I'm fixed!"

Wife—"Why,



Size of Plate, 11x17 1-2 inches.

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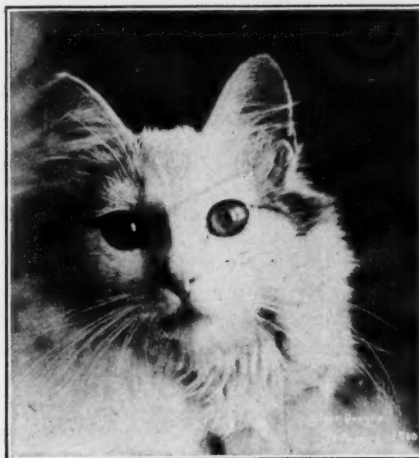
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than any time during The World's Fair Period.

John, do you think I want everybody to know how you're fixed?"—*Puck*.

♦ ♦ ♦

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♦ ♦ ♦

"Speak to me," she pleaded, and looked into his deep brown eyes. "Speak to

me," she repeated, and stroked his soft curly hair. And this he could not resist. "Bow-wow," he said.—*The Princeton Review*.

♦ ♦ ♦

LOCAL SUMMER RESORT

The lowest temperature and rates in St. Louis at Monticello Hotel. Young men and families a specialty.

♦ ♦ ♦

Ma—"Did you tell Edith that you would disinherit her if she married that Italian count?"

Pa—"No, I told the count."—*Puck*.

♦ ♦ ♦

Plunkers—"But I don't think I deserve an absolute zero." Professor—"No, sir, neither do I. But it is the

A. A. Selkirk & Co.

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2 Lenox Place AUCTION SALE

Of Splendid Private Collection of Rare Antiques, English, Dutch, Italian and Colonial Mahogany Furniture, China, Rugs, Etc.

Monday, May 15th

Commencing at 10:30 a. m., we will sell, by order St. Louis Union Trust Co., Trustees, the entire personal estate of the late Adiel Sherwood, consisting of rarest examples of early English, Dutch, Italian and Colonial Furniture, grand old china and objects of art, fine old paintings and prints, costly Oriental and Indian rugs and carpets, brass bed, modern bookcases and books, and many other elaborate and useful household articles.

The collection has required many years and vast sums of money in the forming. Every article is genuine and the best example of its period. The collection will be on private view at No. 2 Lenox place, on Saturday, May 13, from 10 o'clock a. m. to 4 p. m. Catalogues will be furnished to interested parties and commissions may be left with the auctioneer by those who can not attend the public sale. This is the only sale of the kind that has ever taken place in the West, and we bespeak the earnest attention of the dilettanti in antique art.

Sale Monday, May 15, under the direct supervision of the auctioneers.

A. A. Selkirk & Co.

lowest mark I am allowed to give. Good-day."—*Yale Record*.

THE STOCK MARKET

After successive determined bear raids, voluminous liquidation and sharp breaks in quotations, there has supervened a comparative lull in the excitement and frenzy of the stock jobbers' burlesque in Wall street. In some quarters could be noted shrewd clique buying in the last few days, these operations being conducted for the purpose of steadying and rallying the rest of the list. In the coal issues, especially in Reading and Erie, the purchases amounted to a handsome total, London people being credited with large orders for these shares, to be executed on every little drop in values. However, the fact was patent to everybody that the rallying process was painful and laborious at the most. Every little advance provoked fresh liquidation in unsuspected though vulnerable quarters. The bear faction uncovered any number of stop-orders, and it is believed that any further daring attacks on the list would provoke another spell of wholesale sacrificing of holdings on the part of such as have hitherto been able to withstand the tidal wave of liquidation.

The scattered and anxious bull cohorts made much of the late meeting of Union Pacific interests at Salt Lake City, at which the issue of \$100,000,000 new preferred stock was ratified by a majority of stock-owners. As if there could have been any doubt as to the outcome of the meeting! That Harri-man would win the day was a foregone conclusion, all sensational rumors to the contrary notwithstanding. As soon as the success of the present dominating faction was assured, prices were lifted to a moderate degree, on the gratuitous assumption, of course, that no further trouble need be looked for from now on. The advance in prices was, however, accompanied by a marked contraction in sales. The more prices rose, the duller became proceedings. This is, ordinarily taken to indicate that the bull position is still open to successful bear onslaughts.

The new Union Pacific preferred stock is to be sold at no less than 100. The shares' last quotation was 67½. In view of this, the price will have to be advanced several notches, in order to make purchases at 100 attractive to investors. That the dividend on the preferred is assured, cannot be questioned, yet, for the present, it would be hazardous to assert that there is anything like a powerful inducement to buy a preferred 4 per cent stock of this sort of 100 or over. There are choice railroad first mortgage bonds, drawing 4 per cent and 4½ per cent interest, quoted on the daily list that must be

considered decidedly more tempting as a purchase than Union Pacific preferred at even 97½.

In connection with this matter, attention may be called to the large additions to new capital issues which have recently been, or are now, offering on the market. Besides the \$100,000,000 new Union Pacific preferred, there have been announced the following new issues of bonds and shares: \$25,000,000 Missouri Pacific bonds, \$11,000,000 Chicago and Northwestern common stock, \$50,000,000 Western Pacific bonds and \$100,000,000 Pennsylvania Railway bonds, making a total of \$286,000,000. In addition to this amount, there's to be floated a Philippine Railway loan within a few weeks, aggregating \$30,000,000. In the face of such multitudinous flotations, the future of the money market can hardly be regarded as the "dead sure cinch" that addle-brained optimists are so fond of telling us about.

The news comes from London that money rates there are stiffening, owing to the pressing demands for fresh capital. Since January first last, the British investment market has been flooded with about \$425,000,000 new issues, against only \$175,000,000 for the corresponding months in 1904, and \$500,000,000 in 1901, when the speculative sea was in wild turmoil. The Manchurian war operations, if continued much longer, are expected to intensify the monetary strain. In Berlin, where money has been fairly abundant for some time, discount rates are likewise hardening, on account of the incessant borrowing on the part of Russia and preparations for the new German Government loan. French bankers are said to have increased the financial tension in the German money market by heavy withdrawals of funds in consequence of the unpleasant diplomatic status of the Morocco question. Considering all this, it may be said that the Wall street break came just at the right time. If the speculative craze is kept in check for a while, it will and should enable the investment market to digest the enormous fresh capital issues without any ominous complication in money rates.

The directors of the Chicago and Northwestern are doubtless disappointed at the mode in which Wall street received and acted on the announcement of new "stock rights." They probably imagined that their action would be followed by a sharp rise in the value of the shares. In this they were badly fooled, however. When the announcement was made, the common shares were quoted at 228; since then, they have dropped as low as 215. Of course, the general position of the market may have been partly responsible for this depreciation and unwillingness on the part of investors to consider a stock worth more simply because of its being offered to shareholders at par, while the market quotation was 228. Yet, it may be safely taken for granted that careful buyers are no longer as anxious to put their money into shares that carry "stock rights." If Northwestern common were, in the eyes of the directors and majority of shareholders, really worth 225 or more, at the present time, do you think they would offer the stock at 100? Not on your life. And this is the way in which such actions are being looked upon, in most instances, nowadays. New stock means new demands upon surplus funds available for dividends. The less stock, the greater the dividends; the more stock, the smaller the dividends. This is a proposition intelligible even to the "greenest" pupils in the Wall street kindergarten. "Stock rights" have lost much of their erstwhile attractiveness. There has been lots of valuable experience and education among the speculative investment community since the raw and roaring days of 1900 and 1901. Do you remember that famous issuance of new \$5,000,000 Pennsylvania Railway stock

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in the early part of 1903, which was offered to stockholders at 120, when the market quotation was 160, and the startling manner in which the price afterwards dropped to less than the subscription figure? If you do, the late action of Northwestern common will not be surprising to you in the least.

The Wabash debenture "B" holders are up in arms against the Gould management. They want dividends on their holdings, and substantial ones, at that. Nothing has ever been paid on these

securities since their issuance in 1889. The total amount is \$26,500,000. On the face of the returns, it would seem that these dissatisfied, kicking owners are engaged in raising a row about nothing. The Wabash management would have acted foolishly, unpardonably, if it had ordered any distribution of surplus funds to holders of these bonds since the expansion in revenues set in six years ago. The Wabash management has done the eminently wise thing in spending its surplus money on

2%

We receive deposits subject to withdrawal by check, and pay 2 per cent interest thereon.

Capital, Surplus and Profits,
\$3,400,000.00.

MISSISSIPPI VALLEY TRUST CO.

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general improvements and new equipment, and it cannot be doubted that a good many more millions could be spent for similar purposes to very excellent advantage. The bondholders should realize that the better the physical and financial conditions of their property, the more valuable grow their holdings.

According to Snow's report, winter wheat has more than maintained its April 1st percentage of condition. The estimate for May 1st is placed at 91.1, which practically coincides with that of the Government reported on April 10th last. The estimate for May 1st, 1904, was 76.6. Snow places the spring wheat acreage at about 20,500,000 acres, which would compare with 19,728,000 for 1904. The Government's report for May 1st, to be issued on Wednesday of the current week, will, in all likelihood, show very little difference from that of Snow. It may, therefore, be assumed that, barring serious disaster to the spring wheat crop, this year's wheat yield will be something of a record-breaker, as it should be well in excess of 700,000,000 bushels.

France's complaisance in the matter of harboring Russian warships in her waters along the coast of Cochinchina has thrown all foreign markets into convulsions. The immediate future of our market seems problematical. There's as yet no reason to look for a speedy resumption of bullish activity on a large scale.

LOCAL SECURITIES.

The past week's St. Louis market has been stale, flat and unprofitable. There was little doing. Not even street railway issues could be moved, to any extent. The disagreeable position in Wall street is not relished by conservatives on Fourth street, who are now disposed to lighten their loads at every favorable opportunity. The buying orders are rather scarce these days. There is quite a number of speculative holders who would be ever so glad to get out, if they could do so without loss.

United Railways preferred is hanging around its previous level of 79½ and 80, the last lot changing hands at 70¾; the common is selling at 31 and 31¾, with limited demand. The 4 per cent bonds are quoted at 89¼ bid, 89¾ asked. It is reported that Mr. James Campbell, the millionaire broker, has been elected a director of the North American, he being credited with the largest holdings of North American

stock, which is now selling at about 100. A few weeks ago, it was quoted at 105 and 106.

In the bank and trust company quarter, vitality seemed to have ebbed away entirely. Small lots of Mercantile are selling at 385, and of Missouri-Lincoln at 144. For Bank of Commerce 328½ is asked, for Third National 328. Quotations for other shares in this department are mostly nominal, and, therefore, valueless as a guide. Title Guaranty is lower, the last quotations being 64¼ bid, 70 asked.

Activity in the bond department is very restricted. Laclede Gas 5s sold at 108½ a few days ago. For Brewing 6s 99 is bid, 100 asked, for Kinloch Telephone 6s 108½ is asked.

Money rates continue steady. They range from 4 to 6 per cent for time and call loans. Country business is growing in volume. Drafts on New York are slightly higher, being quoted at 100 asked, with 10 cents discount bid. Sterling is quoted at \$4.87.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

Stock Ticker, Montgomery City, Mo.—No; would not recommend purchases of Cast Iron Pipe common. It's too high, and, then, there's also too much to go round. The capital stock of the National Biscuit Co. is \$29,236,000 common and \$23,825,100 7 per cent preferred shares. Consider the commons fair purchase on a break of, say, six points.

Subscriber, Ft. Scott, Kan.—Better hang on to your Rock Island common. Would not advise taking a loss of such proportions, since you are able to put up ample margin. Get out of your Tennessee Coal.

♦♦♦

EQUALS

Manila, P. I., March 1, 1905.

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

Sir—The following conversation that actually took place in Manila strikes me as being significant and very amusing.

American housekeeper to Filipino servant: "Why is it, Ramon, that you worked so well for the Spaniards and for so little? They treated you very badly, while I treat you very well; they paid you only two pesos per month, and you demand of me twenty-five; I do not understand it."

Ramon replied: "Ah! Senora, the Spaniards were our superiors. You Americans are our equals."

I am, sir, R. De L. H.

♦♦♦

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Between a shabby backyard and neatly painted fences and sheds. The cost of having things in order is only a trifle compared with the satisfaction of having them that way. If you do not want the more expensive house paints for this class of work, we have barn and fence paints which are very reasonable in price, and their use will greatly help appearances.

Try the experiment.

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♦♦♦

He—"Clarice, you know I have always thought a great deal of you, and I have flattered myself you think not unfavorably of me. May I—will you be my wife?"

She—"What a start you gave me, Harry! Do you know, I thought you were going to ask me to lend you some money.—Tit-Bits.

♦♦♦

A young man who was about to be married was very nervous, and, while asking for information as to how he must act, put the question: "Is it customary to cuss the bride?" —Brooklyn Life.



Permit us to invite you

to enjoy a share in the extra satisfaction we are giving the patrons who send their laundry work to us. If you wish the kind of laundry work that will give you real satisfaction, send your package to us. Our wagon will call anywhere in the city.

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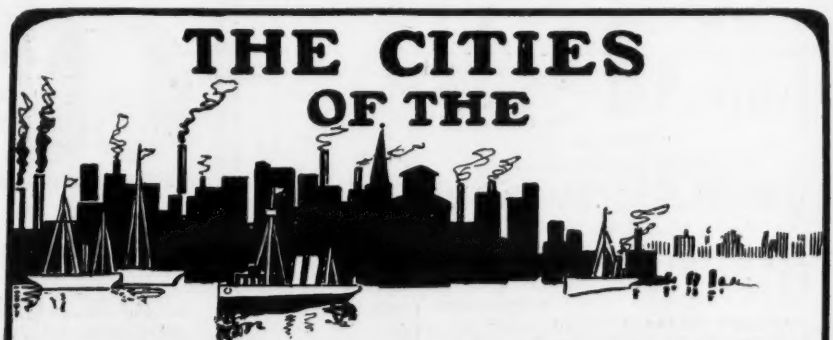
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Witch Hazel is not the same thing.

On analysis of seventy samples of witch hazel—often offered as "the same thing"—fifty-two were shown to contain wood alcohol or formaldehyde or both. Avoid danger of poisoning by using

THE OLD FAMILY DOCTOR

POND'S EXTRACT

Mrs. Quiverful—"Tommy, did you give your little brother the best part of that apple, as I told you?"

Tommy Q.—"Yessum, I gave him th' seeds. He can plant 'em an' have a whole orchard!"—Cleveland Leader.

Mayme—"So you kissed Jack Tug-gins the other evening, did you?" Edyth—"The idea! Did you get it from him?" Mayme—"I don't know; but I hardly think it was the same one."—Columbus Dispatch.

A \$46,000 DRESS

Messages from Constantinople give lengthy accounts of the splendid ceremony with which the Sultan's daughter was married to the son of the Turkish Minister of Justice at Yildiz Kiosk, the imperial palace. The bride's dress, it is stated, cost no less than \$46,000. According to the *Paris Gaulois*, it was embroidered with pearls, and was made in the palace itself by two milliners, who were unceasingly watched by an officer and two soldiers lest they should appropriate any of the gems.

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European Aerial Artiste.LA VINE CIMARON TRIO,
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Wednesday and Saturday Matinees at 2:15
Evenings at 8:15. Carriages at 10:45.

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WANG**Imperial** Tenth and Pine
25c Daily Matinees
Nights,
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THIS WEEK

Bertha M. Clay's Famous Story

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Next Sunday Mat.—"A BROKEN HEART."

GRAND ST. LOUIS'
MOST POPULAR
THEATER.Matinees Wednesday and Saturday—25c
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THIS WEEK

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In the Romance of a Southern Gentleman

HIS LAST DOLLAR**STANDARD**

The Home of Folly. Two Frolies Daily.

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First Race 2:45 P. M.
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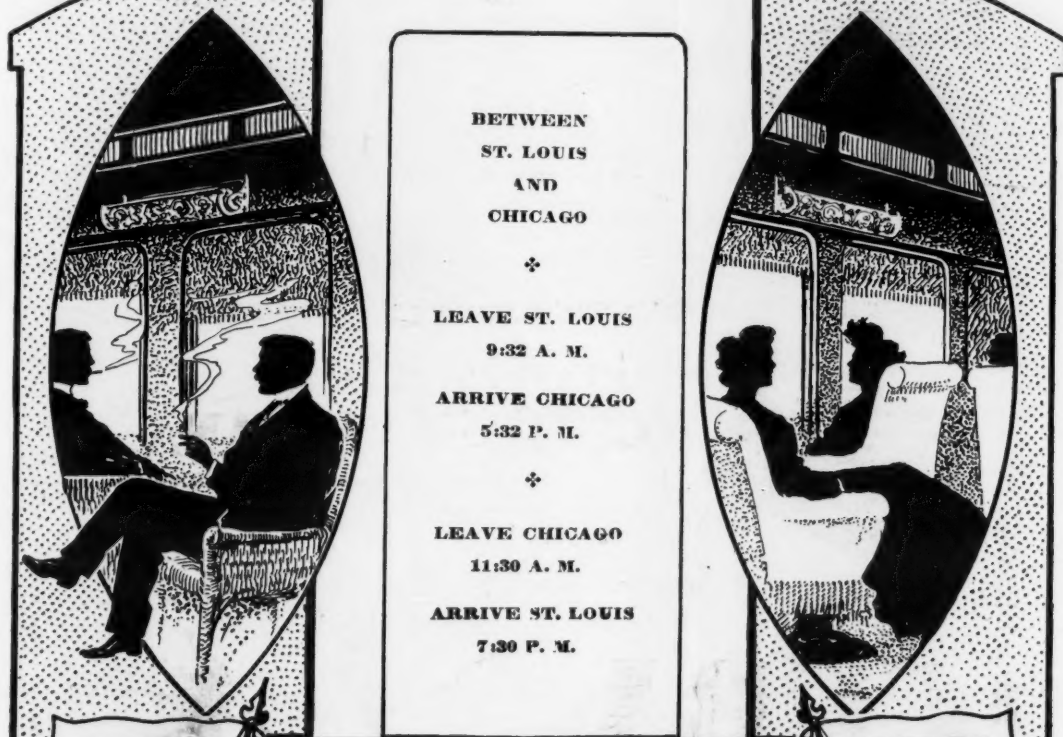
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